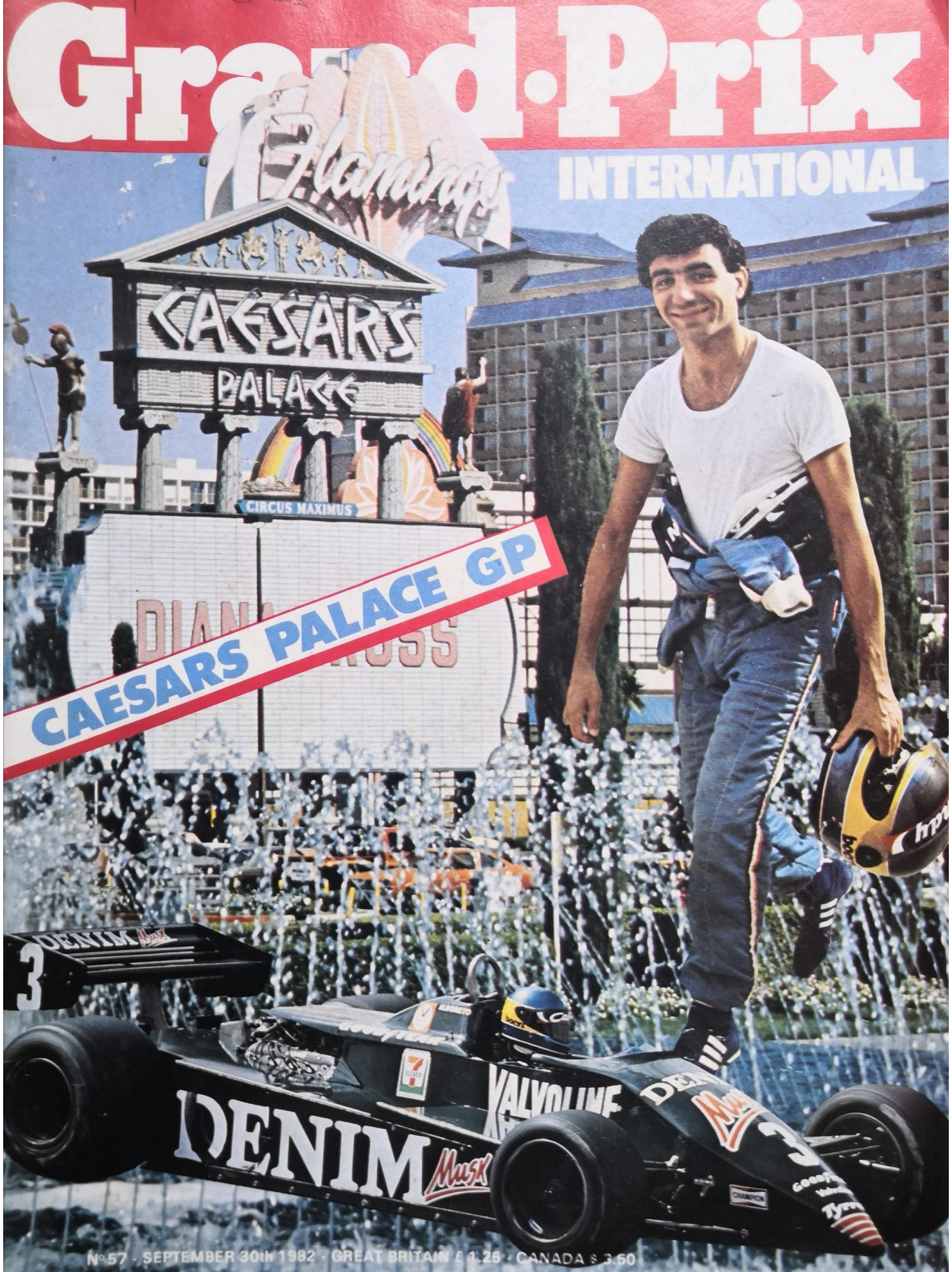
Grand Prix

INTERNATIONAL



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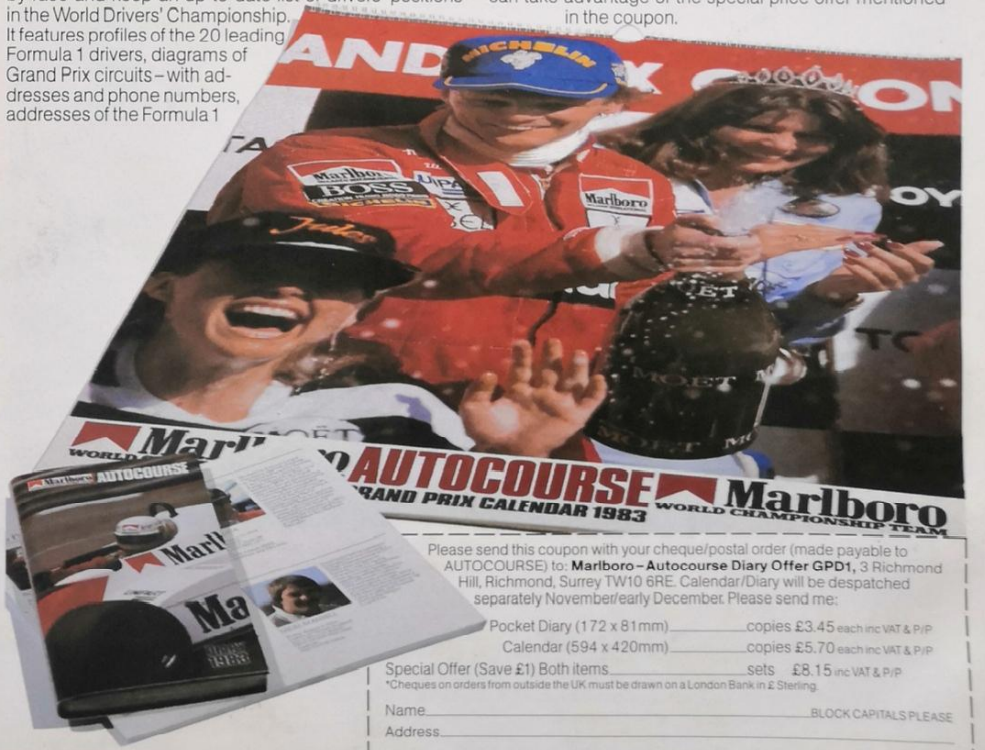

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The paddock in Las Vegas

GPI'S SECOND F3 CHAMPION

Although he finished second in the Albi GP the same weekend as the Las Vegas GP, GPI's F3 driver in France, Pierre Petit, is now guaranteed the French F3 championship. Petit's Dave Price Racing Ralt finished second to François Hesnault's ex-Moreno Ralt, while second in the championship, Michel Ferté, was only fourth in the race.

A TEST DRIVER FOR RENAULT

The Régie had the idea knocking about for a long time. Take on a third driver, just for testing, that way relieving their race drivers of certain onerous routine testings. With the signing of Eddie Cheever, the idea took on momentum and there is a strong likelihood that Gérard Larrousse will take on a third, young and French driver to make for a safer succession.

The tests will take place at Paul Ricard and Alain Prost will act as the standard against which the new driver will have to prove himself by setting his own lap times. That way, any uncertainty as to weather conditions or other differences will be reduced to a minimum. Among the potential drivers to get a try-out—and it is still not known whether they will be auditioned all on one day or at successive sessions—are Philippe Streiff (currently in F2 with AGS), Philippe Alliot and Alain Ferté (currently in F3 with Martini). As for Alain Prost, he said he is well satisfied with the idea.

WILLIAMS RECLAIMS HIS OWN

It is as nearly sure as it is that it's cold up on the North Pole that Jacques Laffite will be going back to the Williams team he last drove for in 1975. At that time, Frank would grumble that *"I'm fed up to the teeth with taking on young drivers, nothing but trouble."* Now he's about to acquire one of the real veterans of the sport. One of its nice guys.

GPI re-crossed the Atlantic with the affable Jacques and can give you the reasons—strictly hypothetical of course—why Jacques might be happy with such a move. Besides the obvious reason that the Ligier-Talbot team is breaking up: *"Frankly, I thought a bit of a shake-up would probably do me good. When you've been with one team as long as I've been with Ligier, you get into certain habits. I've rather had things all my own way there. People know my habits, they don't worry if I go about things my own way..."*

Of course, Frank Williams also knows our laid-back Jacques. *"That was a long time ago,"* said Jacques. *"Back then we were both strugglers. But we get along well together. He understands me and my peculiarities, and I like the man, I like the whole team. Patrick Head and I have an understanding."*

How about Keke, then? *"Keke is world champion. We get along. I expect him to be a lot more relaxed now. I see no problems in that direction. Mainly, for me, it is an opportunity to see motor racing in another way, under different pressures, with different people. "Sure, I expect some new pressures to be on me, but I count that one of the blessings. Things can get into too much of a routine."*

What then was the next step? The next *hypothetical* step? *"I'm going to spend some six weeks in California,"* said Jacques. *"It would be too close to Paris and all that went before for me to go right away to England. In California I'm going to rest and study English. I've already asked to make sure they give me someone who speaks* English, *not* American!"

Thus, hypothetically, we have a French driver in that most xenophobic of teams, team Williams. Jacques' English (also hypothetical) may be quickly put to the test.

ALFA TO QUIT?

The Marlboro sponsored Alfa Romeo team, which has been racing in Formula 1 with a conspicuous lack of success for three years, is threatened with a withdrawal of corporate racing funds for 1983. According to a recent statement issued by the state-owned company, "racing activity is to be rationalised." The interpretation being put on this in Italy is that the team may be disbanded, while the interesting (but still unraced) turbocharged Alfa Romeo V8 engine may be offered to an existing constructor under the same type of arrangement which BMW has with Brabham.

An obvious candidate for the Alfa tie-up is the Williams team, which is still without a confirmed turbo engine for 1983. Rumours of a possible association between the Italian company and the British team were strengthened at Las Vegas when Andrea de Cesaris was seen entering the Williams motorhome.

Such an alliance would present certain difficulties. After brief associations in F1 with March and McLaren, Alfa had an uneasy relationship with Brabham during the two years (1978 and 1979) when it was supplying its 12-cylinder "boxer" and V12 engines to the Ecclestone-owned team: poor communications and mutual suspicions were blamed for the end of that relationship. But when it comes to poor relations, no two drivers could have a worse rapport than de Cesaris and the current number 1 Williams driver, Keke Rosberg. Incidents at Monaco and Dijon this year have led to Rosberg openly criticising the track behaviour of de Cesaris, and there seems little possibility of them ever being able to make a peaceful team.

Las Vegas is in the middle of nowhere. That is, the desert. GPI tackled it comfortably in an AMC Jeep Wagoneer. Four-wheel drive in, big V8 making a nice rumble, automatic transmission, the Wagoneer's about as good a desert-car as you can get. A recent agreement gave François Castaing, formerly of Renault's F1 engineering team, a free hand to work with the 4×4's. No doubt further novelties and improvements are in store. For a few moments, we thought we were already in the Baja California 1,000 miles!

SIX APPEAL FOR WILLIAMS

While speculation continues over the identity of the engine maker who will be supplying the Williams team with turbo-power for 1983, it is at least clear that the British team will have to continue with its Cosworth engines for part of the season at least. "We don't expect to be able to make an announcement about the turbo for at least two months," said a team spokesman, "and it is unlikely that the engine will be ready to use before June." Frank has decided against buying BMW engines, and current speculation suggests that instead he may be turning to a Japanese engine maker, with Honda the current favourite. Alfa Romeo may also be a possibility (see separate story on this page).

In a bid to stay competitive with the rival turbocars, Frank's designer Patrick Head (who was absent from Las Vegas, as he has been from most of this year's GPs) is now taking a fresh look at a possible six-wheeled car. As he said earlier in the season, "we think that we could make a six wheeler which is close to the weight limit." Indeed, the current FW08 chassis was originally laid out with a six-wheel conversion in mind, and Goodyear has agreed to supply the special tyres which would be required.

CARLOS' POLITICAL AMBITIONS?

Carlos Reutemann, who packed it in after failing to win the world championship last year, has apparently got a new set of ambitions. He has apparently joined a new centrist political party being formed in the Argentine. Though he denies immediate political office-seeking, his Partido Democrata Progesista is strong in Carlos' native Santa Fé. It is easy to imagine a future Reutemann press conference: *"How are things in the* nacion, Senor Presidente?"

"Is very difficult, I think."

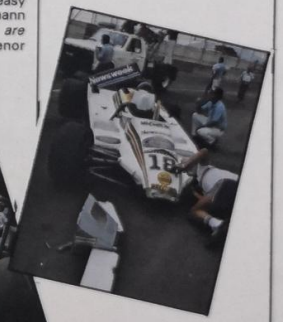
LONG ODDS

A story, probably apocryphal, was going the rounds at Las Vegas. At the bookmakers, before practice, Nelson Piquet figured among the favourites. Some unkind soul then went and informed the handicappers that Gordon Murray was not coming to Vegas. Who then would be running the team? asked the locals. On the news that it was Bernard Ecclestone, Piquet's odds immediately fell to 5-1.

LOSS CUTTING

"I know it was a loser as far as Caesars was concerned," said hotel president Harry Wald after the Grand Prix. *"We did not recoup our costs."* Wald blamed lack of co-operation from other Vegas hotels for the 32,000 (official, though police officials estimated less) gate. Caesars has two years left on its four-year contract, but Wald declined to say whether Caesars would continue. Of course, the financial loss does not include hotel and casino revenues the Grand Prix brought to the plush hostelry. As for the lack of co-operation, one hotelier said: *"Caesars took the race, we didn't. If all Las Vegas isn't behind it, whose fault is that?"*

Friday, 1.30pm: the wreckers have just brought the remains of Jean-Pierre Jarier's Osella to the pits. Likewise Raul Boesel's March which had gone off the track shortly before. The latter was repaired in time for the race.



WHAT IS A CHAMPION?

To Keke Rosberg, the laurels and our congratulations. But it takes no great imagination, in the wake of his triumph, to hear the voices of denigration being raised—in some quarters, obviously, more than in others. They are voices we have heard for some weeks. A few samples? Well, a championship won with more regularity than brio. Or, the moral victor is Didier Pironi: look how close he came to the title and with five races less! Or: Rosberg won with the fewest points since Surtees in 1964. Or: he won only one grand prix. Or? Or worse.

What is the championship about? It is about winning a title fairly under the rules as they stand, and we think it behooves the sport as a whole to welcome Rosberg and to make of him a champion for the whole sport, because the sport depends on its champions. A champion in the old sense was a man who took up our general cause. And we have had champions of all sorts. Keke follows Nelson Piquet, who succeeded to the hard-to-follow Jones, who followed... They succeed one another like kings, each with his own personality and style. There have been champions too remote, idle champions, champions too arrogant, too boisterous.

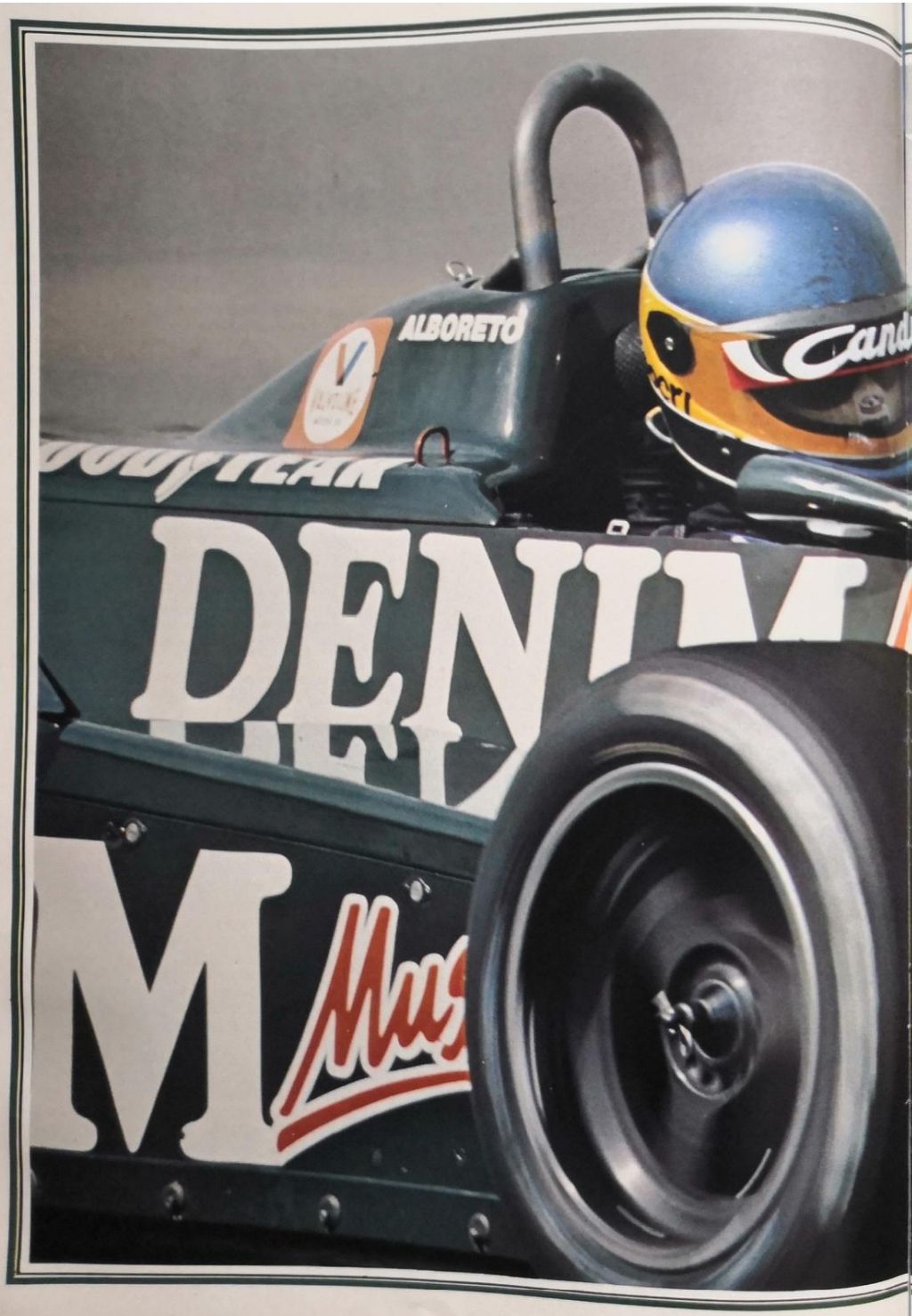
But all champions are good. By their very nature, real champions conform to no style or type, and when we hear someone saying sneeringly, "this new Arab-Finnish champion" we are reminded of what was said about King Rat or Master James Hunt the playboy, and the Wee Talkative Scot. Each king has his detractors. The epithets were there, but a championship is something a man can never be deprived of. He earned it.

Let it be said right away that Keke's being champion in no way detracts from: the very real achievements of Didier Pironi and Ferrari, the spirit and resilience shown to the end by John Watson, the courage and cunning of Niki Lauda, the verve of Arnoux or the style of Prost. They all fought it out and Keke won. That makes him champion. Our champion.

The very closeness of the outcome, with three drivers within one Grand Prix's points, is proof of the competitiveness of the sport, and of the champion. The last swallow of a vintage wine is as good as the first, and often better. To win took guts, consistency, concentration, physical resilience, appetite and — let us not forget it — a fine car, the right tyres, the best of team-work, generous sponsors and much else.

Three drivers won twice, eleven drivers won Grands Prix this year, four out of the five last races being won by newcomers to the podium: it was an unusual and unusually competitive and contentious year. And when one driver sweeps the board, are there not complaints of annui? No, to others the sour grapes, to Keke the glory. A champion is what he is, a champion; he has earned it and we must respect it. Again, our congratulations.

GPI



CONSECRATION AND A NEW STAR

The race at Caesars Palace was won by Michele Alboreto, a bright new star in the Formula One firmament, but Michele's achievement for Ken Tyrrell was somewhat overshadowed by the consecration of the new champion, Keke Rosberg. The season had ended on a high note. Michele looked bemused by his victory, everyone else looked exhausted and Keke, quick to recover his wits and his wit, took the laurels with characteristic assurance.

by Keith Botsford

He was champion at last, the doubts lingering to the very last moments, as they must. He got out of the car and muttered to Charlie Crichton—Stuart, *"give me a fag."* That first cigarette was a sign of new perks. Perks which belong to champions only. Like being able to smoke — at least for the day — in the Williams motor home, otherwise a refuge of the kind of purity you find only in nunneries. The last few weeks had been, for Rosberg, of the hardest. For there comes a time in the life of a champion-apparent when he must hide, even from himself, the awesome truth. It happened to Alan Jones after Zandvoort two years ago, when suddenly everyone was clapping him on the back (and the glad-handers included not a few who had neglected him for all the previous years) and hailing him as champion. Champion? He wasn't champion yet, Jones knew. Just like Keke knew. When someone did a Jones on him on the grass (that rarity of rarities in a paddock!) by the Williams motor home that muggy, hot Saturday morning, Keke said: *"Champion? You're a few hours early aren't you?"*

The world hadn't been half so eager for the words that might fall from his lips, in the long, hard years that had preceded his current triumph. A point the Finn's manager, Otwin Podlech, was to make that same morning, with some acrimony. *"You know,"* he said, *"I hear all sorts of complaints about Keke and his public relations. But I tell you, it's natural. The man's been around the sport for some years now and don't think he, or any other driver, forgets the people who paid attention to him when he was an unknown. The journalists who gave him the odd meal or a place to sleep. Now those people who walked by him with their noses in the air are the very ones who suddenly think they are entitled to words straight from his mouth."*

Keke, of course, fielded the questions with his usual aplomb. The man is actually incapable of an answer that isn't absolutely straight, that doesn't correspond exactly to what's on his mind. What did he think of becoming champion with just one win? Well, he didn't think about that at all: *"So what?"* he said. *"I can think of lots of people who haven't won any Grands Prix at all. It's not up to me to judge the value of my championship, if I win it. What I do know is that at the beginning of the season I thought it was between Prost and one or two Cosworth teams, ourselves or McLaren. The McLarens worked very well during the season, but so did we. If I thought Prost had the edge, it was that I never thought the Renault engines would be quite as awful as they were: so in the end there were ten drivers who won races* (it was to be eleven when Alboreto won that afternoon), *that shows it was a very competitive season. We were regular and we won."* Full stop. And since when is consistency a dirty word?

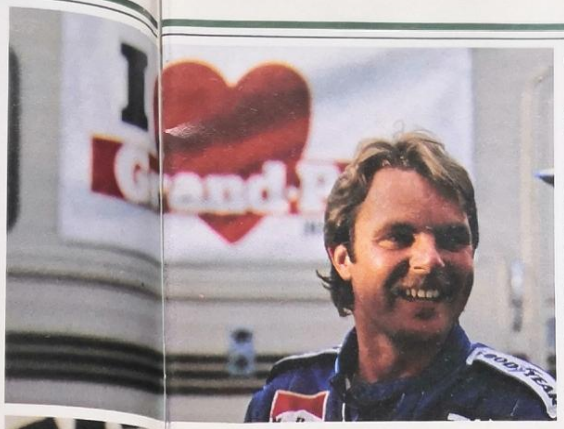
But there was no stopping Keke that morning. He had come over to America the weekend before the race and decided to spend some time in Los Angeles just forgetting all thought of the championship that might be on his mind. He'd lain around the hotel, had a good breakfast, relaxed and then got on to one of his principal fantasies, flying. And not just a fantasy, but something he takes to be as real as racing. As his manager Podlech recounted: *"Keke wanted to clear his mind of absolutely everything. He didn't want to think about the race or about the championship. The only way he can do that, being the kind of man he is, is to concentrate on something else. So he went out and looked over planes. He might buy this one, he might buy that one. He had to try them out. It was a way of wiping the screen blank."*

The relaxation induced was apparent on Thursday morning. By Friday, when it had sunk in on all and sundry that Keke was by far the most likely World Champion, people were already asking him if he could repeat the feat in 1983. Keke was categorical: *"All I know at the moment is that to repeat, you first have to be champion. Next year I'll be Frank's Number One driver again. A title is a matter of team-work. If things don't work, there's no point getting at somebody or other and saying it's your fault. You just get on with it."*

And when it came to the day, Keke knew what he had to do. To one and all he said *"I'm not going to play it safe, I'm going for the front."* But he was far too intelligent for that. *"I had a regular start,"* he said. *"There was a bit of a mess about me and up front, so I thought I'd better steer clear of that. Then when we finished the first lap, I more or less knew where I stood. I was in a good position, the race was 75 laps long and all I had to do was bide my time. The car was working perfectly, I felt fine, and the chances were that at least some of the cars ahead of me would stop."*

Had he any problems? When Andretti, for instance, spun right in front of him? *"Not really,"* he said. *"I was lucky, Mario went very wide and I was able to get by without any problems."* Did he think about where Watson was? *"No, I let him go by. He was in a desperate position. He had to win. All I had to do was finish."*

And so he finished a comfortable fifth and won his title. After the close-to-tears and the emotional greetings in the pit-lane, the embrace with his manager and friend of eight years, he made his way to the press tent and answered the usual questions. How did he feel to be champion? What the hell could the man say? Back then to the Williams motor home. It was Mansour Ojeh's 30th birthday and Keke had just given him the best sort of present. That night, there was to be a party in San Francisco... And then, back to work. But meanwhile, still the celebrations and the congratulations: a Niki Lauda, dropping by to embrace him, a Derek Daly, forgotten, still dripping from a shower, wrapped in a white towel and little else, a crush of young Arabs, a beaming Frank Williams. Then the world at large. *"Every champion's worked at it too hard,"* said the champ.Did that mean he wouldn't do too



Fifth in the race, Keke Rosberg won the Driver' World Championship five points ahead of John Watson, and Michele Alboreto won his first grand prix. Together for a warm welcome on the podium, both men were exhausted and both had difficulty in believing in their triumph. The same was true of Ken Tyrrell, whose team had last won a grand prix in 1978 with the much-missed Patrick Depailler.

much? *"Flat out,"* he said with a grin, *"What do you think I won the championship for? I'm a professional sportsman."*
One had the feeling he meant to enjoy it. And commerce wasn't far from his mind. Did he mean he was going to become a professional celebrity? *"I can stand up to it,"* said Keke. *"I don't think it's going to be a problem. I had a lot less celebrity treatment last year* (and the years before that); *I don't think I can complain if I get too much of it now."*

And his plans? A few days off, a party, then to the Nürburgring. Because he'd always loved it. No testing? *"I've been let off,"* he grinned. He'd smoked in the motor home. Had he drunk from the Moet magnum on the table in the motor home? *"No comment,"* he grinned again, wiping his moustache. He looked a well-satisfied man. *"The last ten laps were long,"* he said, as his manager stood against the wall of the tent repeating over and over again *"Is it real? is it really true?"*
A long, hard haul. Keke went on: *"If you know you've got the title in your hands and you go into those last laps, they've got to be the longest laps of your life."*

To be around Michel Alboreto, who had, after all, driven a splendid race and won the first Grand Prix of his career, and fashioned Ken Tyrrell's first victory since Monaco in 1978 when Patrick Depailler had also won *his* first Grand Prix, was to be in another world. As the cars were driven to be weighed and Michele got out of the car, he and his mechanics gave each other the most solemn and sober of handshakes. It was a dignified, almost formal occasion. There was no Italian hoo-ha. There seldom is around Michele. On the podium, his eyes started, his small head peeped out from under two caps — neither of which seemed to fit him particularly well— and he looked like some forest creature startled in the night. In a way, he had been overshadowed, his sweetest moment not turned sour but slightly disregarded.
It hadn't lost its savour for him, however. Choosing his words carefully, he said: *"Coming as it does at the end of the year, this is a particularly important victory. It is important to the team, it is important to the mechanics, it is important to Ken. It will help him find the sponsor we need for next year and I am very happy to stay with him for next year."*
A nicely understated declaration. All year long, the 25-year-old Alboreto said, *"we thought a victory was in the cards. Our morale always stayed high, despite our setbacks. We were never in doubt or discouraged."*
His race was a kind of perfection. It showed once again what a craftsman the young Italian is, and, as Ken would say, how mature. He made no mistake of any kind. *"From the first practice, I knew we had a good chance to win. My car was perfectly balanced. It was in a neutral setting and just fantastic.*
"I made the right choice of tyres, B's on the right side and C's on the left, I had only one minor problem about half way through the race when the tyres started to heat up a little, but once I'd gone by Prost I was able to ease off a little and they soon enough cooled down. That said, my opinion is that the Michelins were better on this track." Michele had a good deal to say about Michelins, and it would not be impossible that, in the compendium of Tyrrell secrets, there is an agreement with Michelin for next year.
The satisfaction he felt was plain for all to see, but curiously subdued: as though he had always expected it. *"I think I have been very lucky,"* he said after his victory. *"I knew the victory would come, but I am lucky that it came earlier rather than later."*
In a way, and as might be expected, it was Ken Tyrrell who was the more excited of the two. *"It's fantastic!"* he exclaimed with no understatement whatever. *"It usually takes four years for a driver to win his first Grand Prix and Michele's done it in two!"*
What is certain about the race at Vegas is that as much as it consecrated one driver, Rosberg, who had worked hard and long in the vineyard, it created a brilliant new star for the future. One who had been long watched, recognized, respected, liked and admired, but one for whom this consecration of his own was a confirmation, to himself, of what he had always known he could do: of the kind of man he was. □

PRACTICE

This year's Caesars Palace Grand Prix was held a few weeks earlier than the race last year, and it was noticeable. In 1981, the weather hadn't been as hot as many had expected it to be. This year, it was the opposite. Las Vegas was baked in the Nevada sun, and there was scarcely a breath of wind. Death Valley, the Grand Canyon and the Valley of Fire were just as most tourists expected to find them: hot and spectacular, but the almost total absence of humidity meant that it wasn't too exhausting to live in this heat. Out at the Caesars Palace parking lot, there were one or two important changes to the circuit. These centred around the necessity to improve driver visibility around the concrete blocks that formed the circuit, particularly on the inside of corners. Blocks had been moved back and kerbs built to ensure not only better

driver visibility, but also improved sight for marshals.

There was one other surprise at Las Vegas. Thanks to the FISA court of appeal delaying its decision regarding McLaren's protest against **Lauda's** disqualification in Belgium for being two kilos under the weight limit, the Austrian was now a potential contender in the World Championship title race, along with **Rosberg** and **Watson**.

It was boiling hot when practice got under way on Thursday. The thermometer was around 90 degrees but the forecast for the next day held some surprise. An area of low pressure was approaching, and there was a 20 per cent chance of a desert tornado. Many drivers therefore concentrated on setting up their cars for maximum effect in the hour-long qualifying session to come that afternoon, in case the track was slower the next day. So while some concentrated on low settings on full tanks and hard tyres, there were others simply flying round in preview of the afternoon's session. Halfway through the morning 60-minute session, **Alboreto** was fastest on 1m 20.92s, nearly two seconds faster than **Surer** in second spot. Mi... ped to 1m 20.36s before br... 80-second mark with a 1m 19...

end of the session. Marc was close behind him still — *"his Williams is certainly going well,"* as one rival and cynical team manager stated — and the Swiss driver also dipped under 80 seconds with a 1m 19.94s lap. Behind him came the Ligiers driven by **Cheever** and **Laffite**, **Warwick's** Toleman, **Lauda**, who had a broken engine in his McLaren by the end, **Prost's** Renault and **Piquet's** Brabham.

The Ferraris were in trouble. **Andretti** was only 16th fastest, heat causing vapour lock in the engine. **Tambay** had the same complaint that had caused him to withdraw from Dijon, and he was only 22nd fastest. There were a number of spins during the session — including one by **Watson** — but the only real damage done was by **Salazar**. He locked his front wheels under braking for the final corner, going off and bending the pedal box, which wasn't serious, but also filling the engine with sand, which was. With no spare car available, the ATS men went off to change the engine in the Sports Pavilion which served as a garage.

McLaren's men accomplished the same task on **Lauda's** car in the pits.

It was beginning to cloud over when the first qualifying session got under way. **Lauda's** car still wasn't ready, but that wasn't a problem: the driver had only the two regulation sets of qualifiers at his disposal anyway.

Half an hour later, an order was established once the drivers had used their first sets: **Prost** was quickest with 1m 18.97s on his second lap, followed by **Rosberg** (1m 19.16s, eighth lap), **Lauda** (1m 19.17s, sixth lap), **Piquet** (1m 19.21s, ninth lap), **Arnoux** (1m 19.33s, third lap), **Alboreto** (1m 19.45s, seventh lap), **Cheever** (1m 19.71s, third lap), and an excellent **Jarier** (1m 19.83s second lap). The Ferraris were still in trouble. **Andretti** had had a puncture, and then the vapour lock had reappeared, while **Tambay's** condition was worsening on this twisty and physically testing circuit.

The session had already been halted once to remove **Warwick's** Toleman and **Byrne's** Theodore which had tangled in the final left hander when the former had tried to overtake the latter on the inside. At mid-session, it was stopped again for 15 minutes to retrieve the cars of **Cheever** (out of fuel), **Baldi** (in the sand) and **Andretti** (vapour lock again).

After these two interruptions, the drivers went out to tackle the final 25 minutes of qualifying with their second set of qualifiers, and soon the times began to

fall again. Finally, a smiling **Arnoux** set pole time with 1m 18.75s, **Cheever** (1m 18.84s), **Prost**, who went only slightly quicker: 1m 18.92s, **Rosberg**, **Lauda** and **Piquet**, none of whom improved, **Jarier** (1m 19.22s) and **Andretti**, who set a 1m 19.24s before his Ferrari was immobilised on the circuit, soon to be joined by **Tambay's**. **Guerrero** suffered a brake leak, poor **Warwick** crashed again, going through two layers of catch fencing, and **Salazar** got in only three laps after his car had been repaired.

The expected storm by-passed the circuit the next day, although there were high clouds in the sky for the morning session, and it was decidedly hot and heavy. **Andretti** was fastest in the morning session,

followed by **Cheever**, **Lauda**, **Rosberg**, **Laffite**, **de Angelis**, **Watson**, **Henton** and **Warwick**. **Tambay's** arm still gave him trouble, and he did only five laps and set 27th time. **Patrese** and **Salazar** both broke engines.

The final session that afternoon was to be the one that determined the grid. It was a little cooler than the previous day, and the track had more grip, once errant sand had been brushed away. The times quickly fell, and after half an hour, **Prost** and **Cheever**, with 1m 16.61s and 1m 17.70s respectively, had bumped **Arnoux** off pole, the Frenchman followed by **Andretti** (1m 17.92s), **Rosberg** (1m 17.93s), **Watson** (1m 18.00s), **Warwick** (1m 18.01s), **Laffite** (1m 18.25s), **Lauda** (1m 18.33s), and **Guerrero** (1m 18.49s). Just when **Arnoux** was going out to win back his pole time, setting a 1m 17.48s on his first lap, a cloud of sand signalled that **Jarier** had gone off in a big way and the session was halted for more than 15 minutes. At the same time, **Boesel's** March was

brought back with both front and rear left wheels missing having thumped the wall at the beginning of the session, and **Baldi's** Arrows was dragged out of the sand. By the end, none of these three had improved their times: the first two didn't have cars available, while **Baldi** later stuck in the sand again.

Tambay had spent the lunch break with an ice-pack on his arm, and once the action got under way again, he went out to set his time of 1m 17.95s which was only just short of **Andretti's** best. The latter, like **Warwick**, **Lauda** and **Guerrero**, failed to improve on his second set of qualifiers. **Prost**, on the other hand, set a 1m 16.35s, an average of 106.907 mph. He was joined by **Arnoux** at the end of the session, making an all-Renault front row again. **Alboreto** set 1m 17.64s which put him on the second row, despite having to have a steering arm replaced after he hit a wall. At the other end of the grid, **Byrne**, **Fabi**, **Salazar** and **Serra** failed to qualify, the Chilean having gone off again four laps after having taken over his re-engined car. In the end, the Theodore made it onto the grid after the Osella was withdrawn.

Didier BRAILLON

THE RACE

It was a race that pleased almost everyone. Rosberg became champion, Alboreto won his first ever Grand Prix — Ken Tyrrell's first since 1978 — Cheever showed the talent Renault hopes for, Watson drove a splendid race in a despairing cause. It was a race that looked backwards and forwards: back to Keke's hard times and Watson's long career, and forward to the future of the young.

1. Arnoux took the lead from Prost at the start of the third lap, and only Alboreto remained in touch during the rest of the race. (B. Asset)

2. On the second lap, the second bunch came upon Warwick's Toleman, which held ninth place. Daly, here leading Watson, Laffite, de Cesaris and Lauda, lost his front wing against the Toleman. (B. Asset)

5. Andretti and Cheever battled from the start. Here, on the 26th lap, they're fighting over fourth place, with Rosberg close behind. Andretti failed to finish, but Cheever took third place. (B. Asset)

6. Prost had led since the 15th lap, but slowed by considerable and exhausting vibrations, his lead rapidly dwindled. Alboreto overtook the Renault on the 52nd lap, Watson got by four laps later, and Cheever followed on the 66th lap. (B. Asset)

3. Watson was only 12th on the second lap, but he soon overtook Daly, Warwick and Piquet. On the 14th lap, he caught Rosberg, but quickly get by the Williams. (B. Asset)

4. Arnoux had eased up with engine trouble by the 15th lap, allowing Prost to re-take the lead. Alboreto also closed up on Rene, but the second Renault driver retired on the 20th lap.

7. Alboreto had a considerable lead over Watson. With six laps to go, the Italian was 27s in front, even though shortly before, Ken Tyrrell had instructed his driver to limit his revs to 10,000 rpm. (B. Asset)

8. Alboreto won the race, Rosberg, thanks to his fifth place, was an unbeatable World Champion, Poor Watson was second to both in the respective contests. But it was a total victory for normally aspirated engines. (B. Asset)

So Keke survived it. Survived the last ten laps that must have looked longer than the slowest boat to China. He finished fifth, scored the points he needed to win the title outright and can forget about appeals and the law.

With Tambay out of the running with his pinched nerve making him fearful that his wrist would give out on the track, and Guerrero blowing an engine during the warm-up that couldn't be changed in time, the starting grid headed by Prost and Arnoux had only 24 cars. The start, under heavy, muggy conditions, was clean and the lead was immediately seized by Prost and Arnoux. Behind them, at the end of lap 1, came Alboreto, Patrese, Cheever, Andretti. And to give what is important its due, at that point Rosberg lay seventh — he must have had an easy heart — and Watson eleventh.

When Prost seemed to skip a gear on lap 2, Arnoux, with obvious glee, slipped past, a lead he held until lap 14 when he began to have problems with his electrics and Prost blew past him. Laffite and Mansell soon retired, the former with battery problems which a pit stop did not solve, and Mansell's Lotus after a coming-together with Baldi.

It was about lap 10 that Watson started his move through the field. First to fall to the Man from Ulster was Laffite; then followed de Cesaris, Daly, Warwick and Piquet, with the result that on lap 11, Watson was eighth. Nor did he stop there. Next in Wattie's sights was Keke Rosberg. On lap 15, Watson was by Rosberg and the race was hotting up. Everyone knew — the drivers concerned as much as the anxious watchers in the pit-lane and the frantic commentators on American television, who got most things wrong — just what was at stake. Wattie had to win. No two ways about that.

Next to fall was Mario Andretti on lap 16 and a lap later, Cheever. Tension mounted — could Watson pull it off? When Riccardo Patrese came up with a clutch problem on lap 17 (not the same clutch problem as at Monza but just as devastating), Watson inherited fourth place. Ahead of him, then, on lap 19, were only Prost, Arnoux, about to retire, and Alboreto.

With Arnoux gone, Michele moved up into second place behind Prost. And not one of your distant, toothless second places, but one from which — at the first sign of weakness from the Renault — an attack could be launched. Alboreto kept to that brief: no point in trying now what there was plenty of time to do later.

It was on lap 21 that Keke moved into the magical area of points. Never inclined to doubt his own capacity or the reliability of the Williams over the long run, Keke had no illusions about his task, which was to survive and finish. It meant exercising due caution, not pushing his car and applying himself one hundred per cent to the task at hand. Which is something the Finn does rather well: whether it be with contracts, sponsor engagements or the real business on the track.

The middle stages were not, as they appeared to some, boring. They were absorbing in a particularly intimate way. The front cars were well-spaced, the backmarkers were coming up, the positions were well defined. But when would error come to mar the outcome? After all, on lap 27, Keke had had a close call with Mario Andretti. The left rear suspension on the Ferrari broke and Mario slewed all over the track. It looked closer than it was, for Keke later acknowledged that Mario went very wide and he was able to get by without difficulty.

Even if the relative positions of Watson and Rosberg, as title contenders, and Prost, as race leader, had not been interesting, this stage of the race was enlivened by a sprightly little duel between Andrea de Cesaris and Niki Lauda. They, and the crowd, loved every minute of it. Andrea ducked, chopped, cut off; Niki stuck to his guns. They tried each other in every way known, but Niki eventually prevailed. His fate was to drop out on lap 54 with an engine ferociously overheated. As for Andrea, his efforts, clearly, had done both him and his Alfa: he finished, well out of the money, in ninth.

Towards the two-thirds mark, the first signs of trouble appeared in Prost's Renault. It was first visible for several laps when Alboreto started to close in on him. This closing-in became ever more rapid and intense and by lap 52, Michele was past Prost and in the lead. When one considers the trouble the Tyrrell team have had to endure during the year, and the Italian's relative youth and inexperience (certainly up front), it was a startling turn to the race. As Prost started to drop back, there was Watson again with some faint hope of a victory. If Prost had gone, why wouldn't Alboreto? And if Alboreto, why not, if the gods were smiling, Rosberg?

"They never told me where Keke was" said Watson after the race. *"But by then, I more or less knew I couldn't do it. I was suffering from ever worse vibration and my head was bobbing up and down like an apple in a tub."*

In the end, it was too much for Watson. He had put in a good race, a *very* good race. It was not he who had been found wanting, but his car: perfect on the day, it couldn't make that last effort. He would, he said, live to fight another day. Though for whom, he admitted, was a problem not yet solved.

By the time we reached the last 20 laps, the fates had defined the game. Prost was resisting furious vibrations that made cockpit life sheer hell and was drifting backward, Keke was making stately progress in a car that was functioning perfectly, Cheever was showing his mettle in a Ligier whose third place was some compensation for the many vicissitudes suffered during the year, Prost finished fourth and, most crucial, Rosberg fifth. That was it: everyone statisfied. Except for Renault — but their man for next year had done pretty well.

Keith BOTSFORD

Las Vegas statistics

LAS VEGAS GRAND PRIX

Date : Sept. 25, 1982
Circuit : Caesars Palace
Circuit length : 2.268 miles
Race distance : 75 laps, 170.1 miles
Weather : very hot and humid
Crowd : 25.000 plus

PREVIOUS WINNER

1981 : Jones (Williams)

STARTING GRID

PROST
Renault RE30B
1'16"356
ALBORETO
Tyrrell 011
1'17"646
PATRESE
Brabham-BMW BT50
1'17"772
ANDRETTI
Ferrari 126C2
1'17"921
WATSON
McLaren MP4/1B
1'17"986
LAFFITE
Talbot-Matra JS19
1'18"056
LAUDA
McLaren MP4/1B
1'18"333
GUERRERO (**)
Ensign N181
1'18"496
SURER
Arrows A5
1'18"734
HENTON
Tyrrell 011
1'18"765
MANSELL
Lotus 91
1'19"439
BALDI
Arrows A4
1'20"271
KEEGAN
March 821
1'21"180

ARNOUX
Renault RE30B
1'16"786
CHEEVER
Talbot-Matra JS19
1'17"683
ROSBERG
Williams FW08
1'17"886
TAMBAY (*)
Ferrari 126C2
1'17"958
WARWICK
Toleman-Hart TG183
1'18"012
PIQUET
Brabham-BMW BT50
1'18"275
DALY
Williams FW08
1'18"418
GIACOMELLI
Alfa Romeo 182
1'18"622
DE CESARIS
Alfa Romeo 182
1'18"761
DE ANGELIS
Lotus 91
1'19"302
WINKELHOCK
ATS HGS1
1'19"767
BOESEL
March 821
1'20"766
BYRNE
Theodore TY02
1'21"555

Did not qualify :

Fabi (Toleman-Hart TG181C) 1'21"569 - **Salazar** (ATS HGS1) 1'21"583 - **Serra** (Fittipaldi F9) 1'22"387.

Withdrew :

Jarier (Osella FA1D) 1'19"222

(*) Withdrew Saturday morning, not replaced on grid.

DRIVERS' WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP

(After South Africa, Brazil, USA West, San Marino, Belgium, Monaco, Detroit, Canada, Holland, Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Italy, Las Vegas)

1. ROSBERG	2	—	6	—	6	—	3	—	4	—	2	4	6	9	—	2	44
2. PIRONI	—	1	—	9	—	6	4	—	9	6	4	—	—	—	—	—	39
WATSON	1	6	1	—	9	—	9	4	—	—	—	—	—	—	3	6	39
4. PROST	9	9	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	6	—	—	6	—	3	34
5. LAUDA	3	—	9	—	—	—	—	—	3	9	—	—	2	4	—	—	30
6. ARNOUX	4	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	9	6	—	—	9	—	28
7. TAMBAY	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	4	3	9	3	—	6	—	25
ALBORETO	—	3	3	4	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	3	—	—	2	9	25
9. DE ANGELIS	—	—	2	—	3	2	—	3	—	3	—	—	9	1	—	—	23
10. PATRESE	—	—	4	—	—	9	—	6	—	—	—	—	—	2	—	—	21
11. PIQUET	—	—	—	—	2	—	—	9	6	—	—	—	—	3	—	—	20
12. CHEEVER	—	—	—	—	4	—	6	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	4	15
13. DALY	—	—	—	—	—	1	2	—	2	2	—	—	—	—	—	1	8
14. MANSELL	—	4	—	—	—	3	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	7
15. VILLENEUVE	—	—	—	6	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	6
REUTEMANN	6	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	6
17. DE CESARIS	—	—	—	—	—	4	—	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	5
LAFFITE	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	—	—	—	—	—	4	—	—	—	5
19. ANDRETTI	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	4	—	4
20. JARIER	—	—	—	3	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	3
SURER	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2	—	—	—	1	—	—	—	—	3
22. SALAZAR	—	—	2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2
WINKELHOCK	—	2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2
BALDI	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	—	—	—	—	1	—	—	—	2
GIACOMELLI	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2	—	—	—	—	2
26. SERRA	—	—	—	—	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1

RESULTS

1. ALBORETO	(Tyrrell 011), 75 laps, 170.1 miles in 1h41'56"888 av. speed 100.07 mph	
2. WATSON	McLaren MP4/1B	27"292 behind
3. CHEEVER	Talbot-Ligier-Matra JS19	56"450 behind
4. PROST	Renault RE30B	1'06"648 behind
5. ROSBERG	Williams FW08	1'11"375 behind
6. DALY	Williams FW08	1 lap behind
7. SURER	Arrows A5	1 lap behind
8. HENTON	Tyrrell 011	1 lap behind
9. DE CESARIS	Alfa Romeo 182	2 laps behind
10. GIACOMELLI	Alfa Romeo 182	2 laps behind
11. BALDI	Arrows A4	2 laps behind
12. KEEGAN	March 821	2 laps behind
13. BOESEL	March 821	6 laps behind
Not classified :		
WINKELHOCK	ATS HGS1	13 laps behind

CONSTRUCTORS' WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP

1. Ferrari 74pts - **2**. McLaren 69pts - **3**. Renault 62pts - **4**. Williams 58pts - **5**. Brabham 41pts - **6**. Lotus 30pts - **7**. Tyrrell 25pts - **8**. Talbot 20pts - **9**. Alfa 7pts - **10**. Arrows 5pts - **11**. ATS 4pts - **12**. Osella 3pts - **13**. Fittipaldi 1pt.

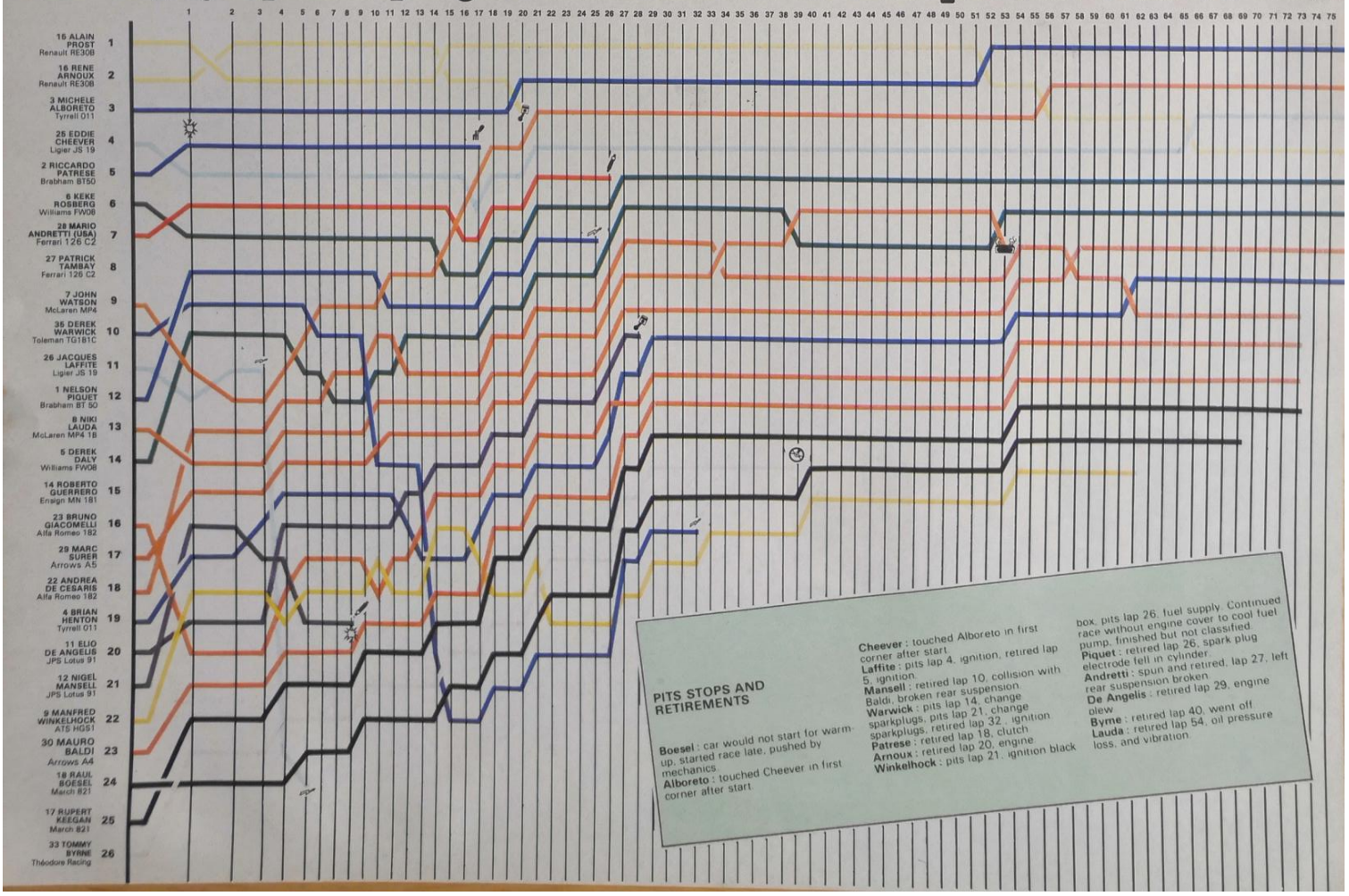
OFFICIAL QUALIFYING TIMES

	Untimed practice 1	Timed practice 1	Untimed practice 2	Timed practice 2	Warm-up Saturday
PROST	1'20"939	1'18"922	1'20"281	1'16"356	1'19"920
ARNOUX	1'21"786	1'17"868	1'21"017	1'16"786	1'20"778
ALBORETO	1'19"285	1'18"756	1'21"823	1'17"646	1'21"541
CHEEVER	1'20"467	1'18"842	1'18"478	1'17"683	1'21"524
PATRESE	1'23"472	1'20"386	1'22"001	1'17"772	1'22"036
ROSBERG	1'23"251	1'19"162	1'18"743	1'17"886	1'21"662
ANDRETTI	1'22"407	1'19"246	1'18"408	1'17"921	1'21"138
TAMBAY	1'23"710	1'21"067	1'22"693	1'17"958	1'24"093
WATSON	1'22"291	1'19"320	1'18"996	1'17"986	1'19"936
WARWICK	1'20"679	1'20"181	1'19"340	1'18"012	1'21"986
LAFFITE	1'20"384	1'19"635	1'18"898	1'18"056	1'21"899
PIQUET	1'21"219	1'19"210	1'19"513	1'18"275	1'21"633
LAUDA	1'20"685	1'19"171	1'18"522	1'18"333	1'21"315
DALY	1'22"974	1'19"808	1'21"905	1'18"418	1'22"072
GUERRERO	1'24"371	1'20"516	1'19"508	1'18"496	1'22"428
GIACOMELLI	1'21"087	1'20"065	1'19"776	1'18"622	1'22"115
SURER	1'19"946	1'19"764	1'19"345	1'18"734	1'22"191
DE CESARIS	1'22"373	1'19"728	1'19"501	1'18"761	1'20"593
HENTON	1'21"363	1'21"038	1'19"333	1'18"765	1'22"659
JARIER	1'22"585	1'19"222	1'19"438	—	—
DE ANGELIS	1'22"707	1'19"564	1'18"995	1'19"302	1'22"326
MANSELL	1'22"329	1'20"986	1'19"711	1'19"439	1'23"142
WINKELHOCK	1'24"521	1'21"563	1'21"020	1'19"767	1'23"043
BALDI	1'22"345	1'20"271	1'19"630	1'20"824	1'23"735
BOESEL	1'28"981	1'20"766	1'19"861	1'21"215	1'23"188
KEEGAN	1'27"220	1'26"048	1'23"026	1'21"180	1'28"386
BYRNE	1'28"394	1'24"208	1'22"945	1'21"555	1'25"341
FABI	1'23"761	1'22"324	1'22"064	1'21"569	—
SALAZAR	1'25"929	1'23"148	1'23"308	1'21"583	—
SERRA	1'24"495	1'23"100	1'22"407	1'22"387	—

THEIR FASTEST RACE LAPS

	Time	Lap n°
ALBORETO	1'19"639	59
PROST	1'19"924	69
WATSON	1'20"362	46
CHEEVER	1'20"451	56
LAUDA	1'20"462	40
HENTON	1'20"874	53
ROSBERG	1'20"878	44
SURER	1'21"147	73
DALY	1'21"334	62
ARNOUX	1'21"543	04
DE CESARIS	1'21"693	33
BALDI	1'22"126	62
GIACOMELLI	1'22"234	45
DE ANGELIS	1'22"309	24
ANDRETTI	1'22"444	22
PIQUET	1'22"498	22
WARWICK	1'22"905	27
KEEGAN	1'23"040	55
PATRESE	1'23"180	12
WINKELHOCK	1'23"833	15
BYRNE	1'24"610	36
BOESEL	1'24"778	49
LAFFITE	1'24"993	03
MANSELL	1'25"549	02

ronde - Lap by lap - Giro per giro - Runde um runde - Tour par tour - Vuelta a vuelt


1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75
16 ALAIN PROST Renault RE30B 1
16 RENE ARNOUX Renault RE30B 2
3 MICHELE ALBORETO Tyrrell 011 3
25 EDDIE CHEEVER Ligier JS 19 4
2 RICCARDO PATRESE Brabham BT50 5
6 KEKE ROSBERG Williams FW08 6
28 MARIO ANDRETTI (USA) Ferrari 126 C2 7
27 PATRICK TAMBAY Ferrari 126 C2 8
7 JOHN WATSON McLaren MP4 9
35 DEREK WARWICK Toleman TG181C 10
26 JACQUES LAFFITE Ligier JS 19 11
1 NELSON PIQUET Brabham BT 50 12
8 NIKI LAUDA McLaren MP4 1B 13
5 DEREK DALY Williams FW08 14
14 ROBERTO GUERRERO Ensign MN 181 15
23 BRUNO GIACOMELLI Alfa Romeo 182 16
29 MARC SURER Arrows A5 17
22 ANDREA DE CESARIS Alfa Romeo 182 18
4 BRIAN HENTON Tyrrell 011 19
11 ELIO DE ANGELIS JPS Lotus 91 20
12 NIGEL MANSELL JPS Lotus 91 21
9 MANFRED WINKELHOCK ATS HGS1 22
30 MAURO BALDI Arrows A4 23
18 RAUL BOESEL March 821 24
17 RUPERT KEEGAN March 821 25
33 TOMMY BYRNE Théodore Racing 26

PITS STOPS AND RETIREMENTS

Boesel : car would not start for warm-up, started race late, pushed by mechanics.
Alboreto : touched Cheever in first corner after start.
Cheever : touched Alboreto in first corner after start.
Laffite : pits lap 4, ignition, retired lap 5, ignition.
Mansell : retired lap 10, collision with Baldi, broken rear suspension.
Warwick : pits lap 14, change sparkplugs, pits lap 21, change sparkplugs, retired lap 32, ignition.
Patrese : retired lap 18, clutch.
Arnoux : retired lap 20, engine.
Winkelhock : pits lap 21, ignition black box, pits lap 26, fuel supply. Continued race without engine cover to cool fuel pump, finished but not classified.
Piquet : retired lap 26, spark plug electrode fell in cylinder.
Andretti : spun and retired, lap 27, left rear suspension broken.
De Angelis : retired lap 29, engine blew.
Byrne : retired lap 40, went off.
Lauda : retired lap 54, oil pressure loss, and vibration.

KEN TYRRELL: THE SPORTING SQUIRE

The man's been around since the beginning of time, it sometimes seems. He's seen the top —most recently and for the first time since 1978, at Las Vegas— and known failure. Profoundly different by character and nature from an Enzo Ferrari or a Colin Chapman, Ken Tyrrell has gone about his business of team managing, of helping form stars and creating reputations, in his own independent way, in his own sytle —a very peculiarly British style, but one with a long French connexion.

by Keith Botsford

First, you see the man's teeth, like a misplaced Stonehenge. Then the smile which lights up the face. The glasses flash, the humour sparkles, the competitiveness is unceasing. It is part of what the sport calls "winding someone else up." It means establishing a level of superiority, causing the other fellow to worry about something that otherwise it would not occur to him to worry about.

"I read in the papers that the old man (Ferrari) *had offered Michele Alboreto a car and a drive whenever he wanted one,"* said Ken at Monza, *"so I went over to the Ferrari people and I said 'If you want to be so helpful, how about letting us have a Ferrari engine, eh!'."*

That's a Tyrrell wind-up, Ferrari and Marco Piccinini being the particular butts of that kind of wit — perhaps because, unlike Ken, they take themselves so bloody seriously. It doesn't matter that Ken is sitting on Alboreto's contract and that everyone wants the brilliant young Italian driver, or that Ferrari is about as likely to give Ken an engine as Ken is to say *"Michele, my boy, if the Commendatore wants you, who am I to stand in your way?"* The point is that it stirs things up; it enlivens the paddock. Making things lively is something Ken's been doing for years.

I remember him catching me in my green and salad years and sending me, in São Paulo, to deliver yet another apocryphal message to Piccinini (in the days when Marco, too, was a beginner in the sport): he and Ecclestone stood by the Brabham garage and watched the expression on Piccinini's face — an expression of dismay. It filled them with a sort of childish joy. The image expresses to me much of what F1 is about. It's about one-upping your friends and neighbors. it's all good, clean fun, but it's not without its bite. The bite, with Ken, is always there. So's the bark: that gravelly deep voice, the air of contention, the sudden attack. He's a master of all of that.

Underneath all the front, however, is a singular dedication. Singular because Ken was not to the sport born. Far from it. No rich father, no pampered youth at Ferrari or Lotus.

"You want to know how it started?" Ken asks. *"I'll tell you. I didn't know a thing about motor racing. I lived within a stone's throw of Brooklands, I never went there. I didn't read about it, I didn't follow it.*

"I did play football for Ockham, however. I was sometimes a half-back, sometimes the center back..." And a fearsome player he must have been, toweringly tall, aggressive, with legs like logs. He still follows Tottenham Hotspur and is a mad cricketing fiend — a super patriot — whose first question at the track is always *"How about Spurs? How are England doing?"* In fact, one of the few who has genuine *sporting* interest as against an interest in what is left of the sport in motor racing.

"Ockham got a coach party together, I guess that was in 1951, to go to Silverstone. For the team. It was the summer and I went along, taking a day off work. It was a Formula 3 race, 500 cc. I liked what I saw."

More than that, it was like Saint Paul on the road to Damascus. It was a conversion, a hundred percent take-over of Ken's mind. *"The star in those days was Alan Brown — I see his team-mate Eric Brandon died this week — and after the race I went to see Brown and I bought his car from him. Why? Because I liked it, and I thought it must be a bloody good car. He sold it to me and said, 'You have to take it down to Brands Hatch, and if you can't get around Brands in a minute, then sell it'."*

The latter-day Tyrrell is all in that account of his beginning in the sport. He is still a man of decision; he still doesn't waste his time making up his mind; he still knows what he wants and how to set about getting it; he still takes the plunge without thinking too hard; he is as stubborn as he ever was.

"Brands in those days was the opposite way around to how it is now; it didn't have the Druids loop and you went along the straight and came up Paddocks. I went on one of the days it was open to everybody and drove this racing car for the first time. I still knew nothing about it, I didn't know anyone who knew anything about it. I'd never had the kind of money to do that sort of thing.

"I suppose my first impression is what everyone's first impression in a single-seater is: how fast you're going relative to the ground! I spun lots of times, but I did get around in a

minute, so I didn't have to sell it. Alan Brown's advice was pretty good. A minute to go round in those days was pretty slow, some six seconds over the record. So if you couldn't do that, you were a wanker."

It all suggests freedom. But in fact Ken was not free the way other young men of that time were free to race. *"My mother was killed in a road accident during the war: she was walking along the road when a lorry hit her and pinned her against the wall. My father was a gamekeeper most of his life and when he got older, he became a labourer; he was a jobbing gardener in East and West Horsley.* (Just a few miles from where Ken now lives). *When my mother died, there was just my father, my brother and me. My father remarried, but I was too old to be wondering whether my father approved of my racing.*

"My brother and I started the timber business and though my father worked for us, it was our business. My brother and I ran the business and I would skip off weekends to race."

Had he fallen in love with the speed? With the competition? With an image? *"No, I don't really know why. Once I got into the car and started racing, that was it. My first ever drive in a 500cc was on my own. Then in 1955 I did a test drive for Aston Martin at Silverstone. The Aston was very different to the 500cc's; it drifted like an old-fashioned racing car. I remember going around Stowe in a full drift and finding it so easy to control with the throttle rather than with the steering and I can hear myself yelling 'Yippee! Yippee!' It was a fantastic feeling. John Wild, the manager, came up to me and said 'You were a second quicker than my man and we'd like you to join the team.' I thought that was fantastic. So after that I used to drive one of the timber lorries up from Wales during the night, hand the lorry to someone else and head up to Silverstone to drive the Aston. In those days, people who drove that sort of car were wealthy; the day of drivers driving because they could was just starting.*

"In the end, I didn't get the drive because Stirling Moss joined the team. I didn't think I was a very good racing driver. I held the track record at Davidstowe in Cornwall — they had the track up the day after the race!."

The self-deprecation is straight Tyrrell, too. The man has always looked on both sides of everything: by instinct. Not because he is primarily a rational man — he has far more heart than mind — but because life had already shown him that things happen in strange ways, and one must be prepared to take life as it comes.

Racing included accidents, which may be one reason why Tyrrell is probably rather more concerned with his drivers than most constructors. Though he can't stand cry-babies — he will probably never forgive Alain Prost for crying when Arnoux won at the French Grand Prix this year (*"Imagine that! A grown man crying! I would have had a good stiff talk with my team-manager!"*) — Ken has been something of a father figure for his drivers.

"I had two bad shunts. The best way to describe the first is the back page of the Daily Sketch, *which said 'Tyrrell leads Moss through the chicane at Goodwood'. It was pretty good to be ahead of Moss on any lap and I read the back page in hospital. A brake failed at the end of the straight: I went straight on and smashed my face and guts and twisted my teeth up."*

Ah, those teeth! In the other one, his car flew up in the air and busted his pelvis.

We are now at the point when Ken Tyrrell, in his late thirties, makes the shift from the track itself to the pits. As with most things in Ken's life, it was a common sense matter. *"The first year we had this F2 team, I gave my car to a young man called Michael Taylor; he did so much better a job of driving it than I did, that I more or less stopped racing. I found I got more pleasure out of running the team than I did driving. If I'd finished fifth or sixth in a race, I'd be very disappointed and I'd say 'Allright, I'll pack it in.' Only it was never like that and two days later I'd try again. But if someone else drove my car and drove it better, I got so much fun out of it, I realized I should be running a team. Then you saw to it the cars were screwed together properly, they were there and everyone was in the right place at the right time."*

The beginnings then are in vicarious enjoyment: the pleasure of seeing someone else do it right. It was not for Ken, as it was for some others, the search for power, the promotion of his own ego. From the start he relished the organization, the team-work, the ability to get things done. In a way, Ken is a tinkerer, a nuts-and-bolts man. His personal life is as uncomplicated as his professional.

Things lie to hand to be *used;* life is there for the enjoyment it offers; the simple pleasures are the best. Years of razzing have not made Ken an adventurous eater: like many a true Brit, he asks *'how can you be sure it's allright?'* when he looks at a foreign dish. The same thing prevails in his team-management: good drivers are those who use their heads and do things well, which means uncomplicatedly.

"In 1960 I started running my own team. Alan Brown and I stopped running the F2 team and we started to build our own Formula Junior car. Sir John Cooper asked me if I'd run a team of Formula Junior cars: he provided the chassis, BMC the engines and all I had to do was find the drivers, find the money and run the team. Formula Junior then was what Formula 3 is now.

"It was a piece of cake. All the others racing against us were owner drivers; they bought a car and drove. I was in the happy position of being able to look around and find talented men who could drive but hadn't the means to do so — as I hadn't had. I think we were pretty successful at finding the talent, too: we had John Love, Tony Maggs, Henry Taylor, John Surtees?, Jacky Ickx...".

Pretty successful? In fact, Ken got something of a name as a finder of young talent. The list of those who have driven in the Tyrrell livery in its various incarnations is long and for eight years, from 1971 to 1979, his team was always among the first five: champions in 1971, second twice, third twice, fourth once and fifth three times. Among the drivers: the lamented François Cevert, Eddie Cheever, Derek Daly, Patrick Depailler, Jean-Pierre Jabouille (briefly), Jean-Pierre Jarier, Ronnie Peterson, Didier Pironi, Peter Revson (once), Jody Scheckter and especially Jackie Stewart (for three years plus three races).

"I know I have this reputation for finding talent, but to some extent it's a false reputation. In 1963-4, Formula Junior went back to being Formula 3, 1,000cc instead of 1,100. I was looking for a driver and I'd heard about this young man who was quick at Goodwood and I invited him down to try my car — that was Jackie. It was generally by hearing about someone or someone calling me up and asking me to give so-and-so a try. That's how I got Teddy Mayer's brother Tim.

"They weren't professional racing drivers when they started out with me, but they were all looking to become just that. And all those who went through my hands did. They all earned a living from the sport. For a period of their lives, every single one of them did.

"It wasn't that I was a genius finding drivers, but that I was in a different position from everyone else."

As becomes apparent in these tales of the early Sixties, the combination of Stewart and Tyr-

rell was in a way the combination that brought about the whole evolution of the modern, professional sport as we know it now. In this respect, constructors differ from one another in such radical ways that no two are at all alike. There are the lofty figures like Ferrari who deal with their drivers from the eminence of seeing generations of them come and go and there are those who seek to be in some undefined way their drivers' friends and confidants. In between there is a huge range of human types, varying from the cut-and-dried *'the driver is an employee'* type to those constructors who have strictly professional team-managers: whose job is just that, to *manage*.

The job is part human and part technical and Ken Tyrrell has always had the running of his own team in all respects. In that sense, there are no intermediaries between the team-owner (the constructor) and the driver. Having spoken at various times over the years to a number of Ken's drivers, I think it can be fairly said that there are advantages and disadvantages to this sort of one-to-one relationship. I remember particularly both Pironi and Scheckter in the years they left Tyrrell to join other teams: both said that Ken had been a fine teacher and both said that they thought leaving him was part of the growing-up process. Pironi, particularly, being bright and highly-organized inside, was resentful of Ken as Daddy. Ken, on the other hand, was probably less close then (and now) to Pironi than to most drivers. For Ken only likes certain kinds of men. They have to be straight, get on with the job, never complain and not get mixed up in politics!

Cevert had as much talent and was probably more refined intellectually, but it is clear Ken has a special place in his heart for the inimitable (or all-too-mimickable), Stewart. *"He hasn't changed a bit,"* says Ken. *"He would bounce all over the place, never stop talking, he had too much to say for himself, he was utterly confident in his ability. He was right. He was streets ahead of any other driver I've ever seen. When he drove for me I remember him once going out testing at Goodwood. Bruce McLaren had been doing all the testing, we only had the one car, which was a new one, and I gave Jackie a big lecture about how it was his first time out, take it easy and so on : inside five laps he was as quick as Bruce. We pulled him in and gave him another bloody lecture: you've got all day, take your time. Out he went again. John Cooper was watching at the very quick corner after the pits and he came running up and said 'sign that boy up!'*

"He was an ideal driver. He was quick, he was consistent, he didn't go off the road. His first race for us was at Snetterton on one of those bloody awful days when the last thing you want to do is go racing. It rained all day and that was Jackie's first-ever race in a single-seater. I think he had a ten-second lead at the end of the first lap! It's the sort of thing you have to put down to sheer talent. It's unfair. Some people have the ability to do it without really trying.

"Cevert was coming along and he could have been as good as Jackie — thanks to Jackie. He worshipped Jackie, followed his example and was happy to sit behind him just for what he could learn. Before François was killed at Watkins Glen, he and Jackie finished one-two at the Nürburgring and Jackie came to me afterwards and said, 'He's quicker than me, he could have taken me any time.'

"He was that honest about himself and about others." From Tyrrell, that is a very particular tribute. And fitting, then, that Ken should describe the high-point of his racing career without a flourish. *"It was a fairly simple relationship, really. He took something of a chance coming to our team. He'd driven for me in F3 in 1964; he drove three years for me in F2 and when I moved up to Formula One in 1968, Jackie had been driving the BRM and he knew that wasn't satisfactory. The Cosworth engine came out that year at the Dutch Grand Prix and won its first race. It was obvious that was the engine I would have the year after so I talked to Jackie about it: 'Why don't we put an F1 team together?' I asked. He said 'There's a lot of money about'. He meant he'd had a lot of offers. So I said: 'How much money do you want?' He said: 'I want 20,000 quid.' He had his tongue in his cheek; he didn't expect to get that much. So I said okay. I didn't have 20,000 pence. I went to Matra and Matra said they'd have a car for me. I sent a cable to Cosworth ordering three engines I couldn't pay for. I was pushed for time. Ferrari were after Jackie. Finally, Walter Hayes (of Ford) guaranteed the money, just covered me for it, and we did the deal. Dunlop gave me the tyres and eventually the sponsorship, Matra the chassis, all I had to do was prepare them and we were in business".*

That was the beginning of a long connection with the French which stood Tyrrell in good stead, and the moment when Elf backed out of its direct sponsorship was also the moment when Ken's fortunes started to slip. Significant figures in that relationship were Jean-Luc Lagardere, the then-and-now head of Matra (now into advanced missiles) and François Guiter of Elf. The connection with the first was no accident, as Ken recalls: *"Matra had just won the race at Reims with their F3 car. I was just passing the time of day when they said they were thinking of going into F2. I said the way into that was getting a driver and they answered, 'Well, you have a driver. Would you like to try our car?.'*

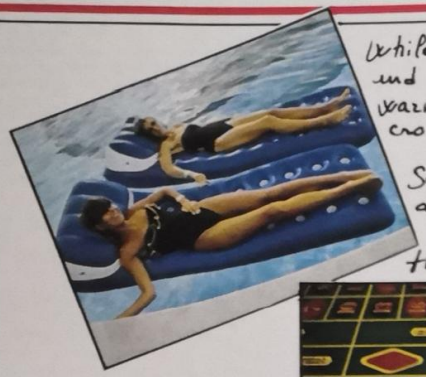
"They hadn't an engine for it at the time so I lent them an engine. I'd talked myself into it and I thought I was into wasting my time. Anyway, they brought the car over in their own aircraft, landed at Gatwick where we picked it up and took it to Goodwood. I'd told Jackie to come and try this car and he said 'What car?' I said, 'It's a French missile car.' He said, 'What are you getting into?' Both of us thought it was a no-hope. Jackie came down, drove it and he said, 'That's the best racing car I've ever driven".

Ken used the Matra in 1968 and 1969, but at the end of the latter year, Matra produced their own 12-cylinder engine and the relationship ended: *"The engine was hopeless. It screamed like a scalded cat and it didn't go."* Ken decided to stay with the Cosworth engine and Lagardere angrily told Tyrrell the day would come when he would be begging for a Matra engine. Given the current F1 situation, Ken's was a wry smile as he said *"I never have yet."* Guiter's influence was more consistent and less painful. *"It was François Guiter who helped to establish the French connection,"* says Tyrrell. *"He supported us for twelve years and in all that time he never made any demands; he never said I had to use this driver or that driver. Of course, when Renault came into racing, his attitude naturally changed somewhat. I feel it's a pity that they stopped putting their money into the lesser formulae three years ago: the result is, there are no young French drivers coming up. Before that the Elf programme produced a chain of them — Tambay, Pironi, Prost, just to mention three. They were men who walked in off the street, rather like I did. The Elf school certainly helped me: after all, I've been president of the selection committee since the programme began!"* Ken could of course go on talking until the rural cows started walking home in Surrey. The shadows were lengthening, a storm had come and gone, he'd put in an energetic and not particulary graceful game of doubles with yours truly and his two sons, Bob who works with him and Kenneth who is a pilot for British Airways. His wife, the delectable Scottish Nora of the purring burr, had prepared a fine baked ham and served us and assorted grandchildren: it was all convivial and relaxed — but no different from the track. Frank Falkner, 'Doctor Frank', an eminent paediatrician, had served as barman. The Old Rectory was no more than a more spacious and elegant motor home. The sport still dominated the talk, but Ken's interest in the outside world continues to be greater than most constructors'.

The last few years have been hard on him. From being one of the 'greats' he has come onto hard times. Still a pillar of FOCA, though he raced at Imola in defiance of the FOCA ban *("I made it clear to all the other members that I had sponsorship for three races and it might continue...")*, Ken has always taken an independent, some say too stubbornly independent, line.

That is the cost of survival in the modern sport. If you're caught between too little money and too many demands and it's your own money you are pouring into keeping up your act, the furrow you plough must necessarily be a lonely one. But neither the man nor his ambitions have shrunk. He has a first-rate driver in Michele Alboreto *("The boy's really good, isn't he!"* he says with a gleam in his eye): he is certain it will have a competitive engine next year and, all teeth, grin and experience, he says: *"You can tell the world we'll be challenging for the championship in 1983."* And good luck to him. It is time some came his way. □

Postcard from Las Vegas



While Diana Ross and Paul Newman warm up the crowd...

Sylvia Piquet and Helen Stewart lay their bodies.

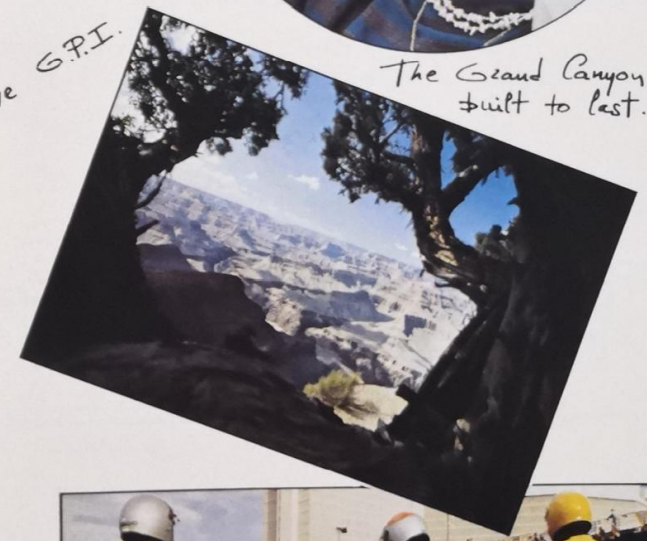
Magic carpets come in all sizes

Lauda and Watson lost, but they go off with all the honours due their rank...

Call out the guard!

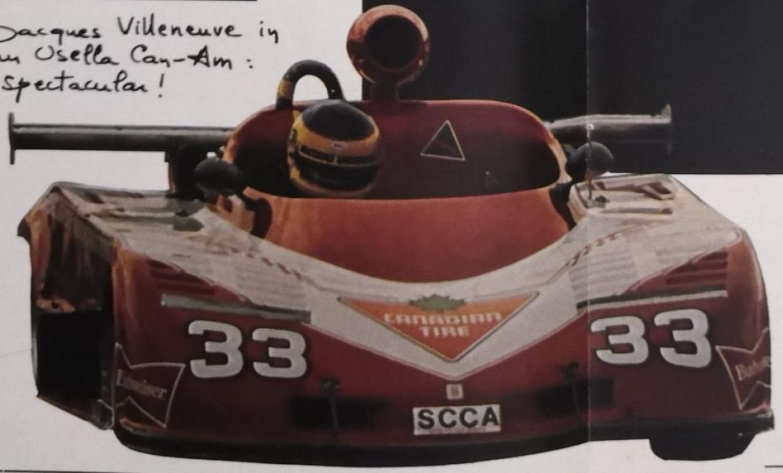
The Laffite family's at poolside, Bernie Ecclestone's on the phone...

Love G.P.I.



The Grand Canyon: built to last.

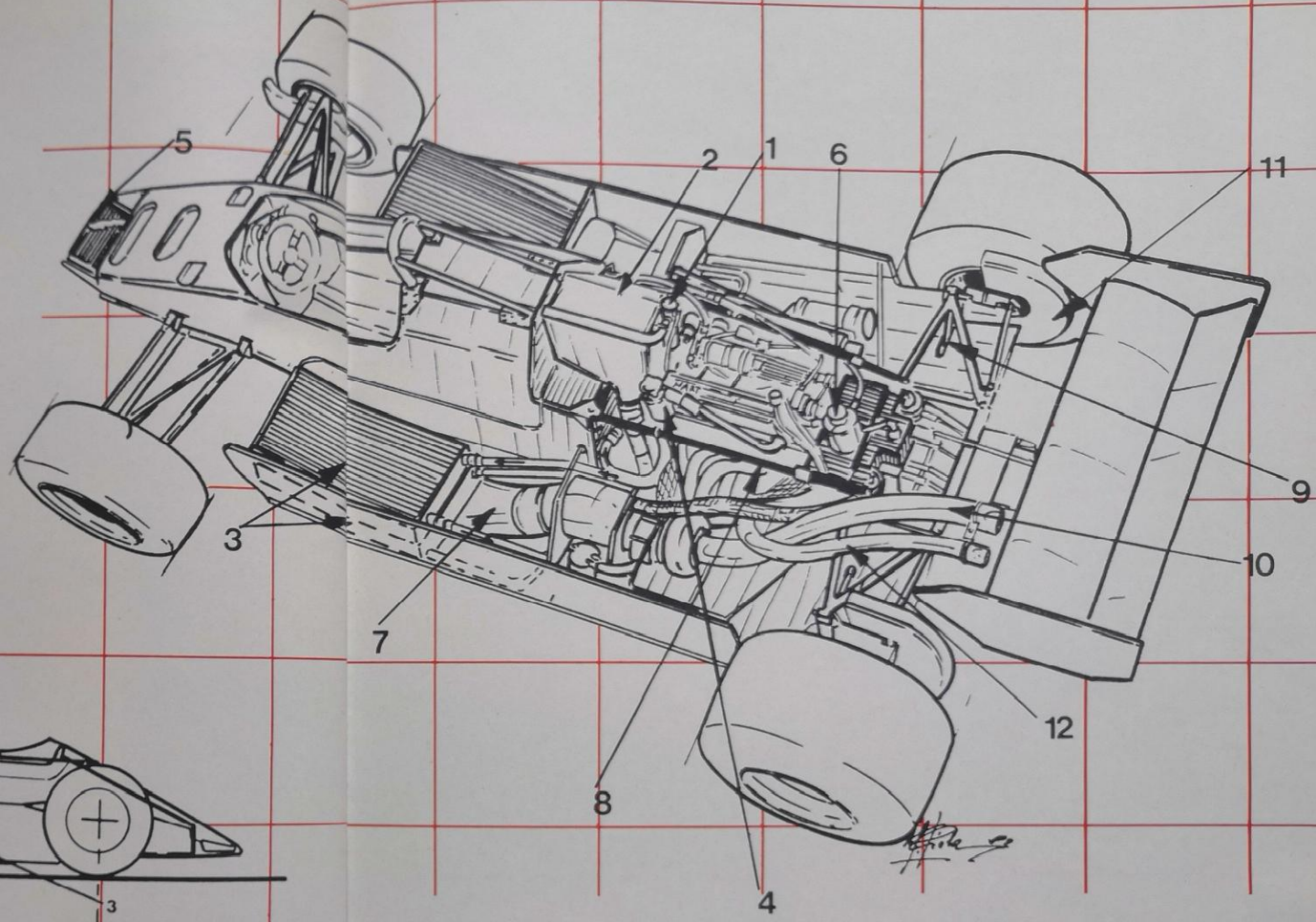
Jacques Villeneuve in an Osella Can-Am: spectacular!

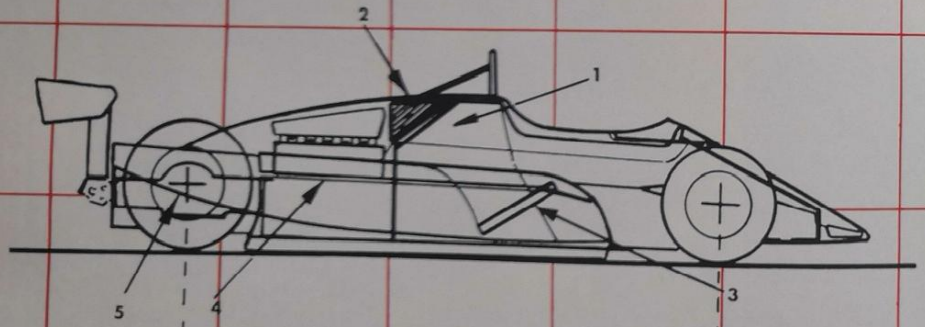


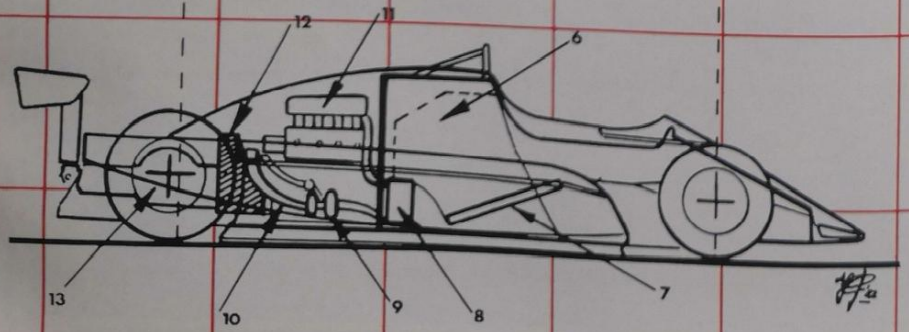
Racing between concrete blocks.

TURBO DEVELOPMENTS: TOLEMAN'S TG 183 AND ALFA'S 182T

A turbocharged engine will be an essential requirement to be competitive in 1983 : that's the general opinion in Formula 1 currently. Toleman and Alfa Romeo both showed their new base-model turbocars for the 1983 season at Monza, the former making its debut in practice and race, the latter briefly in practice only.







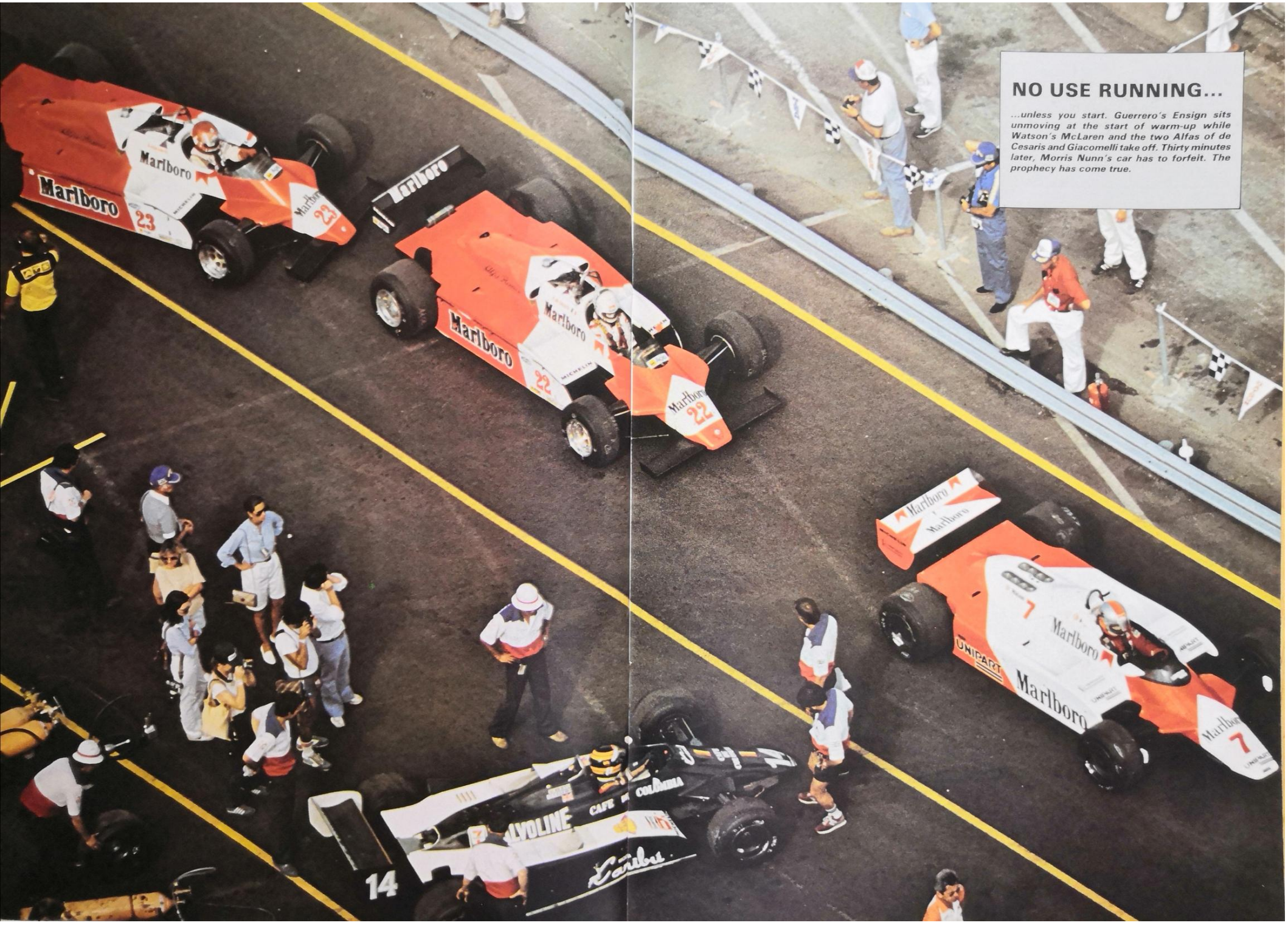
ALFA ROMEO

Above, the older V12 Alfa in profile.
1. Fuel tank is lower and slopes at the back allowing space for the oil tank (2). On the turbo-powered car, the oil tank is situated between engine and gearbox (12).
3. Water radiator in the right side pod, oil in the left.
4. V12 engine.
5. Hewland gearbox.

Below, the new V8 turbo Alfa in profile.
6. Bigger and higher fuel tank.
7. Side radiators.
8. Heat exchanger.
9. One turbo mounted on each side of the engine.
10. Main exhaust.
11. Eight cylinder engine with air box.
12. Oil tank in spacer between engine and gearbox.
13. New, narrower gearbox casing.
Note that the wheelbase of the new car is 4 cm longer than that of the V12 engined model.

TOLEMAN-HART

The Hart engine requires two separate cooling systems, one for the turbo's heat exchanger and the other for the engine.
1. Filler for the heat exchanging system (2) which is mounted behind the fuel tank.
3. Two water radiators on either side of the cockpit. The upper unit cools water for the heat exchanger, the lower for the engine.
4. Filler for the engine cooling system.
5. Single oil radiator, again mounted in the nose.
6. Oil tank between engine and gearbox.
7. Air intake for the turbo.
8. The engine is a semi-stressed member.
9. Pull-rod suspension.
10. Main exhaust pipe.
11. Brake ducts.
12. Wastegate.



NO USE RUNNING...

...unless you start. Guerrero's Ensign sits unmoving at the start of warm-up while Watson's McLaren and the two Alfas of de Cesaris and Giacomelli take off. Thirty minutes later, Morris Nunn's car has to forfeit. The prophecy has come true.

PAT GARRETT AND BILLY THE KID

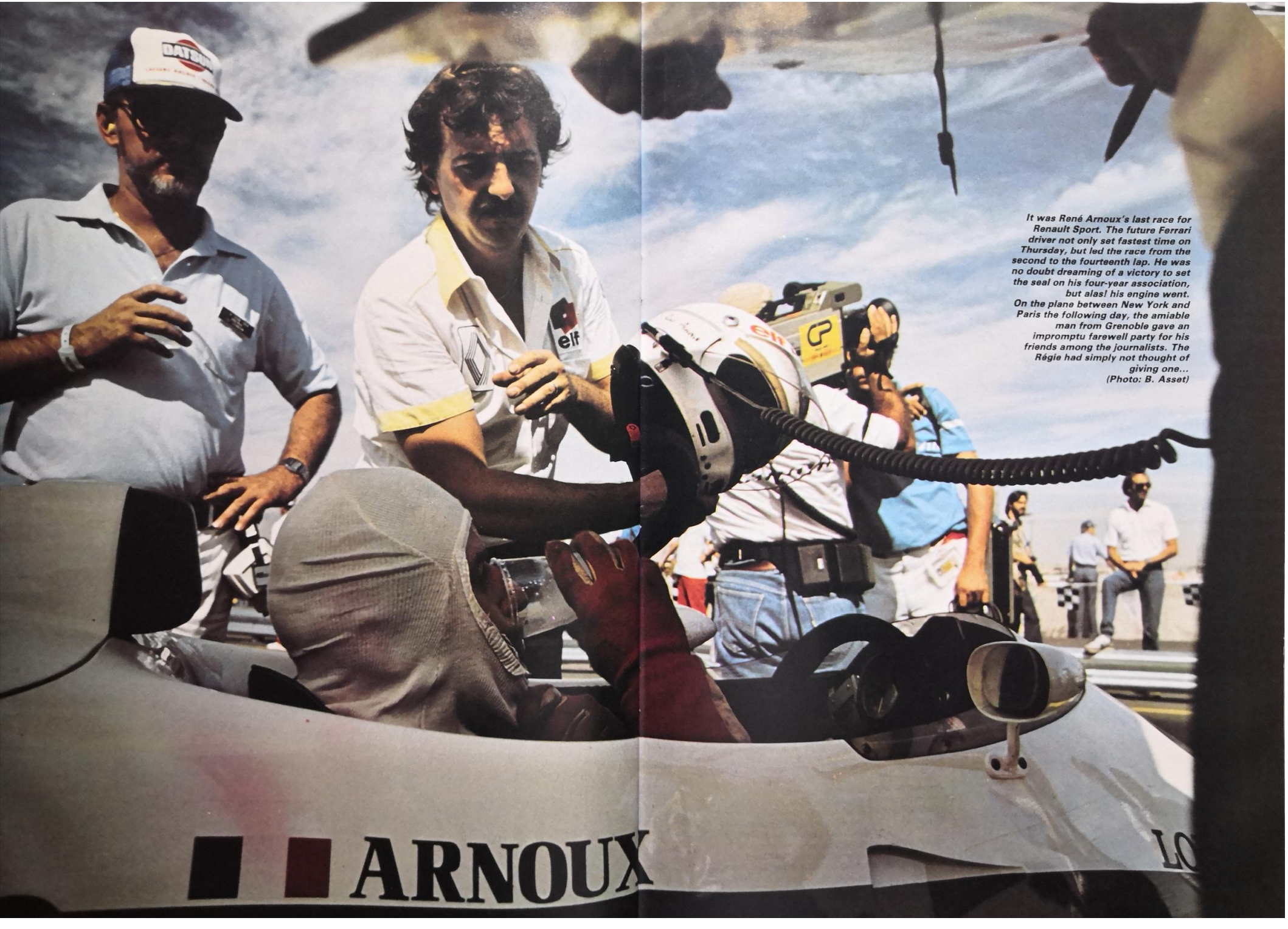
For their last shoot-out in the broiling hot corral under the hard, white Vegas sun, Pat Garrett-René Arnoux and Billy the Kid-Alain Prost acted out the kind of scenario that might make even Sam Pickinpah hesitate. The lawman made good use of his sheriff's badge for the first few exchanges; then, betrayed by one of the chambers of his trusty six-shooter, he let his prisoner get away. (Photos: B. Asset)

THE LAST DANCE

The last dance for Eddie Cheever at Talbot-Ligier. Next year he races for Renault.
The last dance for the Talbot livery, which will disappear in 1983.
A last dance for the Matra V12 atmospheric engine with the beautiful roar.
A last dance which brings a tear to the eye, since Eddie brought his JS19 to the third step of the podium...
(Photos: DPPI and B. Asset)

NUMBER 22, ANDREA AGAIN!

For 22 laps Niki Lauda's McLaren stayed stuck behind the impetuous Andrea de Cesaris in his Alfa Romeo. At Dijon, Andrea had already shown how little willing he was to yield to those pursuers who were faster than he was. At Caesars Palace, Niki could see his water and oil temperatures climbing out of sight, but it took him until lap 34 to get by: he finally did it at Curve I when Andrea skipped a gear in front of the pits. (Photo: B. Asset)



It was René Arnoux's last race for Renault Sport. The future Ferrari driver not only set fastest time on Thursday, but led the race from the second to the fourteenth lap. He was no doubt dreaming of a victory to set the seal on his four-year association, but alas! his engine went.
On the plane between New York and Paris the following day, the amiable man from Grenoble gave an impromptu farewell party for his friends among the journalists. The Régie had simply not thought of giving one...
(Photo: B. Asset)

THE LONGER IT IS...
...the better. Or so might think Eliseo Salazar, Riccardo Patrese and Andrea de Cesaris. With the help of the magic filter.
History does not, however, record to what lengths the ATS, Brabham-BMW and Alfa Romeo ought to be optically modified for them to negotiate the hairpin bends; nor does it specify a minimal length for the starting grid!
VIKEROY
LOPEC
LONGINES
MICHELIN
Santal
malat
Marlboro
Marlboro
22

EXTRA, EXTRA

SURER : STILL FIGHTING

I can tell you now, because it's the end of the season, but I have had a lot of trouble with my feet this year.

It's quite a long time since they were injured at Kyalami, but they're still giving me trouble. Not in the race, but on the morning afterwards: I can't move them for three or four minutes after I get up on Monday morning.

Marc Surer, the 31 year old Arrows driver, has twice come back from injury (he was hurt when his ATS crashed in 1980, also at Kyalami), and now he's making his mark as a driver. The 1982 results — fifth place in Canada after some last lap retirements, and sixth place in Germany — don't amount to much in terms of points, but he will be staying with Arrows for 1983, and team chief Jack Oliver values him enough to have made a reasonably generous financial offer.

Marc was giving the new Arrows A5 its third outing in Vegas, and he brought it home seventh despite a serious vibration which made it very difficult to drive for the last 50 laps or so. Nevertheless, he lapped his teammate Mauro Baldi (who had raced the A5 at Monza), and he has high hopes for the future. *"We need to work on the aerodynamics, which we will be doing in the winter. The suspension, though, seems to be good now — and of course the car is much stronger than the A4 which crashed in South Africa."*

Oliver expects to have a turbo engine next year. Now that Williams has decided not to use the BMW it seems that Arrows will be on the Munich company's short list (Surer, of course, was a protegé of the BMW Junior Team when he won the European F2 championship in 1979) and it appears that he has other possibilities in case the BMW deal falls through.

"Obviously we want a turbo, and the sooner the better," says Marc. *"I have tried the BMW in the Brabham, which felt incredibly powerful, and I can't wait to race one. Meanwhile, I'm enjoying being with a really professional team like Arrows. Maybe they don't have the same kind of sponsorship as Williams or Brabham, but they are very well organised. It makes a big difference, you know, when your hotel is booked for you, and there's a parking ticket for your road car. Now we have to concentrate on getting some results."*

Mike Doodson

THE MIRACULOUS ESCAPE

It is Friday, 1.29 pm. It is very hot. Doubly hot because there is not a breath of air. Alain Prost and Eddie Cheever have just stolen René Arnoux's pole position, won the day before. Just as the man from Grenoble is about to put in his flying lap to win back his pole, there is a veritable sandstorm at Curve 14, followed by the sickening crunch of a crash. Jean-Pierre Jarier, who had only just set out on his first set of qualifiers in his Osella, went off the track like a projectile. Covered in sand, the italian car is just bits and pieces. Its driver is properly stunned. It takes him two minutes, including a long lean on the tyre-wall, to be able to walk properly again. Soon he is surrounded by journalists: *"It's unbelievable! I hit the wall at over 200kph."* He said it over and over again, as though he couldn't believe he was still there.

Why the accident? The question is simple, the answer obvious: his right front wheel took off a hundred meters before. *"When I put my foot on the brake, the right suspension went,"* Jarier added angrily. *"After this, I can tell you I'll never get into an Osella again."*

We are not able to reprint some of the elaborations of that straightforward statement that Jean-Pierre made. The writers were taking it all down. Especially the cream of the Italian press.

You might think Jarier's words were uttered in heat. They were. But they were fully justified. Though losing a wheel under braking is possible whoever the driver or whatever the car (it happened to René Arnoux at Zandvoort), for the same thing to happen two meetings in a row and for Jarier to find himself three-wheeled twice in a row is a bit much. At Monza, a fortnight before, it was the left rear wheel: as GPI readers will know from the spectacular photo in our Italian number. Once, allright. Accidents will happen. But twice, that's too much. Especially considering that broken steering at Hockenheim really makes it three.

In the Osella pits, a few minutes after the accident, French engineer Hervé Guilpin, his hands trembling, is trying in vain to get his attaché-case shut. He wants to get away from an accident which is an insult to his professional conscience.

"What happened at Monza and again here was only to be feared. Instead of changing the parts in his cars. Osella tries to make them last the whole season long.

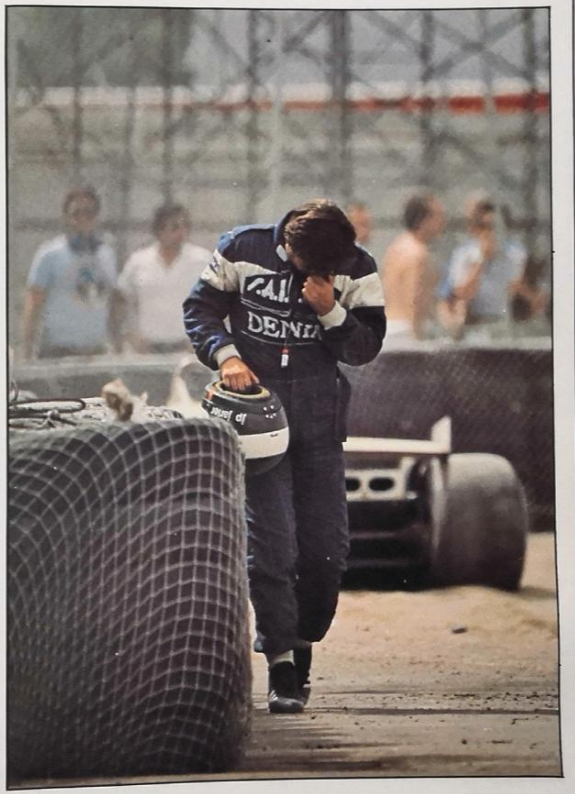
The reason is always lack of money. The result is that this FA1D is and always has been a potential public menace. I am relieved to think that it will never race again." After a brief silence, Guilpin let his rancour show again: *"Just last night, when there was a meeting with the sponsors, I heard large sums of money being talked about. Not long ago, Osella built himself a private test track. Well, I'm sorry to say that in terms of research and technical develpment, we've had just about bloody-all by way of investment. We've had to make do with making do.*

And I've had enough of it. So much so, that with Gianfranco Palazzoli and the sponsors, we drew up an organizational chart for next year. It includes 28 mechanics, 28 competent mechanics, all of them under a Chief mechanic; it also calls for engines prepared by Cosworth and not just knocked together in our own shops in the hope that something or other will work. If the chart isn't accepted, I leave. My conscience tells me I can't do F1 like this."

An hour later, a solitary Enzo Osella, tears in his eyes, talks about 'conspiracy', 'inaccuracy' and 'bad faith'. As proof of what he is saying, he shows the representatives of a young driver who is there to talk about next season, a case of 'new parts', including several of the units that broke on Jarier's car, the fallible unit that just about sent Jean-Pierre off to join the angels.

The qestion remains: why didn't one of those 'new' suspension joints neatly piled up in the Caesars Palace garage find its way to the right front suspension of Jarier's car, some few minutes before that fateful 1.29 pm last Friday?

Didier Braillon



NEW HERO OF THE TIFOSI

A year ago, he was a candidate for the dust-bin, not good enough to drive a Talbot-Ligier. Today, after an excellent half-season, he has been confirmed as a Ferrari driver for 1983. Patrick Tambay, the most recent "discovery" of the *tifosi*, is no arrogant, distant idol. He has gone through hope and frustration and remains a human being, with all the strengths and weaknesses that term implies.

It is not easy to win Patrick Tambay's confidence. At a circuit, when he steps out of the cockpit, he is one of the most affable drivers, never hesitating to spend some of his precious time to reply to whatever questions are thrown at him. But that does not mean that his comments then reveal much about himself. When there is the chance to talk in depth, away from the track with the timing computer turned off, we have always found a very different Tambay. At Las Vegas, the chance came in the Benihana Village, the fantastic Japanese zone of the Hilton, after a photo session in the corridors of the Moulin Rouge a few minutes before the start of the show. While we tried our hands at using chopsticks, Patrick spoke freely. It was a Patrick concerned, on the eve of the first practice session, by the fatigue caused by his recent cortisone treatments; a Patrick whose nerve pain, which caused him to miss Dijon, had come back after Monza. He was however, at that moment, confident. He did not know that once again he would have to face and take the grim decision not to race. The first important subject was his recent accession to the status of 'demi-god' for the tifosi:

"Having a good relationship with the tifosi is something which is inexplicable and which one cannot deliberately create. As far as I am concerned, I can only speculate, and it seems to me likely that there was some sort of 'transfer of affection' when I took over Gilles' car, and because I was one of his intimate friends. But before that, I had often had good relations with all sorts of races of fans, whether in Germany, Holland or Britain. And last year at Monza, when I got the Talbot-Ligier up to fourth place before retiring because of a puncture, I earned great rounds of applause. This season there was the tragic series of events: the

disappearance of Gilles, Didier's accident. In Austria just after my win at Hockenheim, I saw signs out on the track reading: 'Gilles, Didier, Patrick has avenged you.' In Italian, of course, because the tifosi are traditionally numerous at Zeltweg. It really was there that the bond developed between me and the tifosi. They like panache, courage; they live on hope and vengeance. After my first lap puncture, when I was working back up to fourth place, I didn't need to read the pit board to know I was quick. The public reacted every time I went through a corner, they stood up in the grandstands. Indeed Riccardo Patrese was a little bitter, because, although he was in the lead, the tifosi didn't seem interested in what was happening to him. The relationship with the public is really something magic, impalpable...

"At Monza, when a human tide swept up to the rostrum shouting ceaselessly: 'Rene, Patrick, Mario,' I was tremendously moved. Moved and worried — the Monza spectator can sometimes get carried away by his passion and push it too far. When I went through the paddock afterwards, escorted by six policemen, the faces pushed past the police clubs, hands pulled my hair or touched my arms like the faithful around a god they adored, and I had a reaction of fear."

The example of Zeltweg was typical: the *tifosi* were unmoved by the fact that Riccardo Patrese led the race but cheered every time Patrick went past, though he had no chance of winning. The reason is not hard to find: the first was driving a Brabham-BMW, the second a Ferrari, built by the immortal Scuderia. That was our second subject:

"It's a big family, of which Enzo Ferrari is the unquestioned patriarch. At circuits, his presence is constantly felt when any decision is taken. Mauro Forghieri, at every Grand Prix, never fails to telephone him within 10 minutes of the end of each session. All the factors are relayed to the patriarch: everybody's times, the partial times on certain sections of the course, top speeds, tyre choices, different possible technical solutions. It's very impressive and when Mauro has finished, Marco Piccinini takes over to discuss sporting questions. Marco is unbelievable, a real mother-hen. He never stops asking if you slept well, if you were woken up at the right time, if you had a good night. A sort of mixture of sandman and good fairy...

"The Scuderia isn't limited to Enzo Ferrari, Mauro and Marco: there are the mechanics, whith whom you rapidly develop an incredible rapport, without any question of rank or seniority. The moral and technical aid they give the driver is total, based solely on confidence. Contrary to what happens in other teams, nobody is watching for a possible weakness. This confidence is a concrete translation of their love of racing, which welds them all together. Each mechanic lives by and for racing. To be a Ferrari driver is to be the last link in a long chain. It's a weighty responsibility, but is in no way a handicap because the confidence is absolute. When they go all out, as they did at Monza, changing the engine in 75 minutes in the race car, you are even more motivated to give your best. In fact, I have the feeling that I have known them for years, and I think that the successive tragedies they have suffered have welded them even closer..."

To be a Ferrari driver, as Patrick said, is a tremendous motivation. How does he rate his level of competitiveness and how quick does he think he is now, compared to the past? Has he made progress? Is he faster than he used to be? Dessert was coming, and that was our last subject:

"Driving an ultra-competitive car creates greater motivation and application, new responsibilities, more reflexion, race tactics suited specifically to the equipment and a new approach to the competition. Overall, for me, that means more maturity and sang-froid, without taking any more risks than before. In fact, fewer risks, because instead of being at 110 percent of my potential in a bad car, for no result, it's possible for me to pace myself. When the urge to drive is not rewarded in any way, your determination suffers unconsciously. Try and go out for a qualifying lap saying to yourself: 'I haven't got a turbo, only middling tyres, far from the most powerful of the Cosworths, and it will be worse in two weeks' time because the team is running out of money.' It's not the best mental attitude in which to tackle Formula One. You have to be in a calm, confident mood. Finally, if I'm quicker than I was before, it's perhaps simply because I have confidence in my equipment and in myself that I didn't have at McLaren, Theodore or Talbot-Ligier."

But one thing troubles this confidence: at most circuits, the six leading turbos were far ahead of the field. This led certain observers to suggest that with a Renault, Brabham-BMW or Ferrari, it would be possible to get pole *"putting a monkey in the cockpit."*

"I'm sure that drivers with atmospheric engines think that if they drove our cars, they would do as well as us. And it's true. It's not especially enjoyable to be passed on the straight by someone who's got 20 kph in hand over you. When Andretti takes the pole at Monza, that means that most Formula One drivers could do it too, in a Ferrari. But when for once I've got good equipment, I'm not going to complain or excuse myself!

"So when I hear remarks like: 'for a second-rank driver like Tambay and an old man like Andretti to go so fast, their cars really must be fantastic,' that really gets to me. I'd like to reply: OK, gentlemen, get in the cars, try and match us, take the same risks as we do and don't try to cheapen everything. Do 15 laps without making a mistake, take the right line hundreds of times impeccably, lap after lap, never miss a braking point, choose the right tyres, never miss a gearchange...

"Our profession consists of doing the job as well as possible in the technical conditions available, and when you hear such stupidities, you want to build a complete wall between yourself and the outside world, so that you don't have the constant impression of being judged..."

Patrick Tambay can be excused for having mixed feelings at the end of the 1982 season. He is idolised like a demi-god by the *tifosi*, and criticized by a few self-appointed judges who are too free with their ill-considered remarks. It is a problem for a thinking man whose aim is to live up to his responsibilities, imposed and self-imposed, and who would sometimes like a calmer atmosphere in which to do so.

Didier Braillon

NELSON'S COLUMN

The atmosphere at Las Vegas this year was a lot different from the last time I was there, which made it more enjoyable for me. But Gordon Murray hated Las Vegas so much last year that he vowed never to go back, and he kept his promise. It's certainly not the sort of place where you would want to spend more than a couple of days, even if you were going there for fun...

It would have been nice to have had Gordon with us, of course, but we seemed to get on OK without him. Our car has been virtually the same for the past three years, so there's not a lot to learn about the handling. In qualifying, though, I noticed that it was quite a lot different from the Ford-engined BT49, just because of the extra power from the BMW turbo: you arrive quicker in the braking area and the walls feel even closer. Fortunately, they had taken away the walls at two or three places around the circuit. I'm not sure that the changes made it easier to drive, but at least they made it easier to feel safe.

An important change for me was a new helmet which I was using just for Las Vegas. You may remember that last year most of us finished the race with our heads almost falling off our shoulders because of the G-forces, so I had a lighter helmet which made a big improvement. It weighed 1.2 kilos, which is about 0.6 or 0.7 kilos lighter than a regular Bell, and although that doesn't sound like a very big saving it made things more comfortable. With cornering forces now exceeding 3 g, the lighter helmet was saving me two kilos in most of the corners — and that was well worth having.

Unfortunately, qualifying was a big disappointment. There was a lot of throttle lag in my practice engine, and it wasn't until too late that we discovered that a bolt had fallen out of the turbo unit itself, creating an air leak. We knew that our first year with the BMW turbo was not going to be easy, but this is not the first time that we've had this problem with the turbo. In this business, you can't afford to make the same mistakes over and over again.

My race didn't last very long. For half a dozen laps I was in eighth place behind Keke Rosberg, so close that I had a bit of overheating which forced me to back off. Then a misfire developed, and eventually I made a pit stop to investigate because I was worried that the engine would blow up. We found that the electrode from one of the Bosch spark plugs had fallen into the cylinder, so we were forced to retire the car. At least I won two races this year, even if the FISA tried to take away one of them...

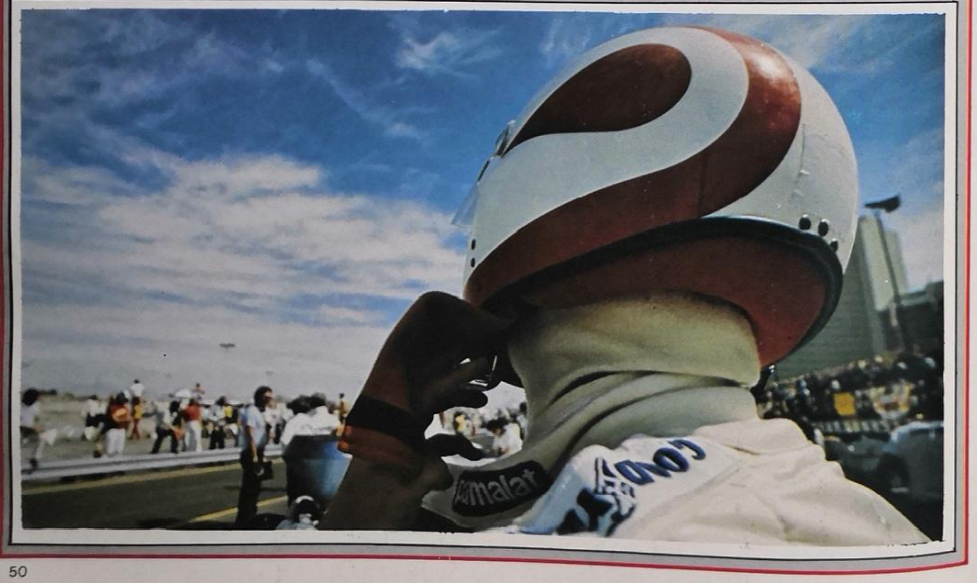
I have enjoyed my racing this year, in spite of all the setbacks. I made a decision last year not to get involved in anything which would stop me from concentrating on my racing, and that included the sort of publicity promotions which most World Champions seem to do. I have had such a quiet time away from the circuits this year that I have worked out that I shall probably be able to enjoy racing for another ten years. I would love to be able to carry on for that time.

I'm very pleased to be able to pass on the World Championship to Keke Rosberg. We aren't particularly close friends: unless you live in the same town it's difficult to get to know other drivers, and Keke hasn't spent a lot of time in Monaco for the past couple of years. But we have spent time in each other's company on the track, and as I have already said in my column, he has always been a clean, hard competitor. Keke has driven well, he has had a good car, and he has had the sort of luck that you need to become World Champion.

As for myself, I'm happy to have got to the end of the season in one piece. This has been a bad year for accidents. I'm very sorry for the drivers who got hurt. I am staying with Brabham next year: we have a new car coming which I hope will bring us a bit more luck than we had this year. We have a big programme of test and development, starting in England and France before we go to South Africa at the end of November.

More travelling, less time to relax... but it's all part of the effort to get back the Championship in 1983. I just hope that we can have the title wrapped up before we come back to Las Vegas for the third time.

Nelson Piquet



Cockpits

ALFA ROMEO

182/3 : Bruno Giacomelli (I)
182/2 : Andrea de Cesaris (I)
182/4 : spare

Large brake ducts to cool well-worked brakes were fitted to the Alfas for Las Vegas. On Friday, radiators to cool fuel and avoid vapour-lock appeared on the cars. The team's future is currently uncertain, and there are rumours circulating that it may soon fold.

ARROWS

A5/1 : Marc Surer (CH)
A4/5 : Mauro Baldi (I)
A4/1 : spare

The new A5 was again driven by Surer who had driven the car on its debut at Dijon, while Baldi's car had a new and bigger rear wing mounted on a forward-inclined central support.

ATS

HGS1/03 : Manfred Winkelhock (D)
HGS1/01 : Eliseo Salazar (RCH)

Neither designer Gustav Brunner nor the spare car made the trip to Las Vegas. Salazar twice crashed and twice broke engines: he failed to qualify.

BRABHAM-BMW

BT50/05 : Nelson Piquet (BR)
BT50/04 : Riccardo Patrese (I)
BT50/02 : spare

Gordon Murray had not made the trip to his least favourite city in order to work on the 1983 Brabham. BMW's engine men had concentrated on making their charges more reliable, cooling both fuel and turbo by using little air scoops.

ENSIGN

N181/1 (16) : Roberto Guerrero (COL)

No changes. Mo Nunn expects to use a development of the current car next year.

FITTIPALDI

F9/1 : Chico Serra (BR)

The race car was unchanged, and the team had been unable to bring a spare. The car had the support of two local sponsors, the nearest of which was the Barbary Coast Hotel. Unfortunately, Serra failed to qualify.

LOTUS

91/6 : Elio de Angelis (I)
91/10 : Nigel Mansell (GB)
91/8 : spare

Mansell was in a new monocoque which had been modified to accomodate the fashionable rising rate suspension which had previously been tested on chassis 91/5. Both cars were fitted with flatter engine covers, devoid of air ducts, but they both had different rear wings. De Angelis had a small two-piece unit, while Mansell's was a large one-piece model.

FERRARI

126C2/062 : Patrick Tambay (F)
126C2/061 : Mario Andretti (USA)
126C2/063 : spare

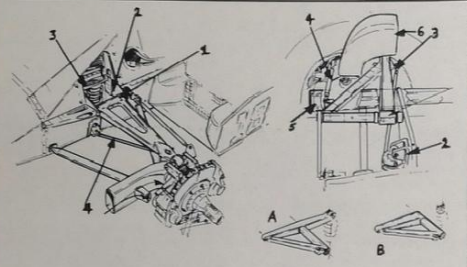
Andretti once again joined Tambay in the Ferrari team, but only thanks to special dispensation from CART allowing him to start their Michigan event from the back row of the grid the day after the Grand Prix. Once again, he was driving the older style 126C 02 which differed to the other two models by its nose section. All three cars were fitted with the usual transverse gearbox and three-part rear wings developed specially for slow circuits. Tambay's car was fitted with large air scoops to the brakes. A fuel radiator and an air duct to the fuel pump appeared on Friday after repeated vapour lock trouble on the Thursday.

McLAREN

MP4/1B-07 : Niki Lauda (A)
MP4/1B-05 : John Watson (GB)
MP4/1B-06 : spare

The only novelty in the team was a revised rear wing set-up. Both Watson and Lauda had chances of winning the championship, although the latter's was more theoretical. Next year's MP41B will be extensively modified before the opening Grands Prix, and it is only during the season that the TAG turbo developed by Prosche will make its appearance.

Cockpits



Front suspension
The upper wishbone (1) attaches to the same mounting points (2) which were used in conjunction with rockers. There is now a gap (3) where these were fitted. The pull-rod link (4) can now be seen on most F1 cars.

Rear suspension
The old rocker (A) is longer than the newer version (B) which is not directly connected to the shock absorber. From underneath the rocker (1) and the damper (2) can be seen. The link (3) is attached within the car to the bottom of the damper and in (4), note the adjustment for the bodywork, the exhaust (5) and brake duct (6).

MARCH

821/RM07 : Rupert Keegan (GB)
821/RM09 : Raul Boesel (BR)

Both Marchs were fitted with the pullrod suspension fitted to Boesel's car at Monza. New rear suspension was incorporated with the hubs seen at Dijon, but then replaced by the older 1981 three-piece units at Monza. Keegan's car was fitted with drilled and therefore lighter rockers. Boesel badly damaged his car when he crashed during the second official session.

OSELLA

FA1D/01 : Jean-Pierre Jarier (F)

The team had only this one car remaining to bring to Las Vegas, the old 01 chassis having been destroyed when it lost a wheel at Monza. The 011 tub had had to be extensively modified to conform to the current regulations and specifications, particularly in terms of rigidity, weight and aerodynamics. However, this car was destroyed when the front right suspension broke and sent jarier into the wall. During the off-season, Osella expects to spend three eight-day session in the wind tunnel in order to define next year's Cosworth-powered car.

LIGIER–MATRA

JS19/02 : Eddie Cheever (USA)
JS19/03 : Jacques Laffite (F)
JS19/01 : spare

The carbon fibre central portion of the monocoque had been reinforced.

TOLEMAN-HART

TG183/1 : Derek Warwick (GB)
TG181C/6 : Teo Fabi (I)

The new TG183 was fitted with a smaller exhaust system and also a previously unseen Garrett turbo. The underside of the car had received aerodynamic modification. Fabi was unable to qualify his older car.

RENAULT

RE30B/10 : Alain Prost (F)
RE30B/05 : René Arnoux (F)
RE30B/06 : spare

No changes. The team tested on a two kilometer circuit near Las Vegas, known as a Speedrome, on the two days before official practice began, and during these tests the car suffered more fuel injection trouble. Prost had to wear mechanics overalls for these tests as his own baggage and overalls had headed for Tahiti after landing at Las Vegas.

THEODORE

TY02/2 : Tommy Byrne (IRL)

The team's new pull-rod front suspension worked so well at Monza that the rear suspension had trouble following it; result: oversteer. So the rear had been modified by moving the mounting points of the bottom wishbone to the upright. Byrne was unable to qualify but was allowed to start when the Osella was withdrawn.

TYRRELL

011/6 : Michele Alboreto (I)
011/2 : Brian Henton (GB)
011/5 : spare

The Tyrrells were still in their Denim — Musk colour scheme, fitted with wided front track thanks to a spacer on the uprights, plus side pods giving more downforce. These two modifications had already been seen at Brands Hatch. The rear suspension was as at Monza, also wider than previously seen. The team used a three piece rear wing and an old but flat engine cover which left the engine trumpets unhindered. Alboreto used this the first day of practice and kept it for the rest of the weekend.

WILLIAMS

FW08/5 : Derek Daly (IRL)
FW08/6 : Keke Rosberg (SF)
FW08/3 : spare
FW08/2 : spare

The team had two spare cars available, one of which was on show in the casino of Caesars Palace. This was the development car which had been converted to race specification and could be pressed into service should the need arise. The team tried two different wheelbase lengths, the one 1.5 inches longer than the other thanks to different mounting of the lower front wishbones. The carbon fibre rear wings were fitted with a large secondary flap.

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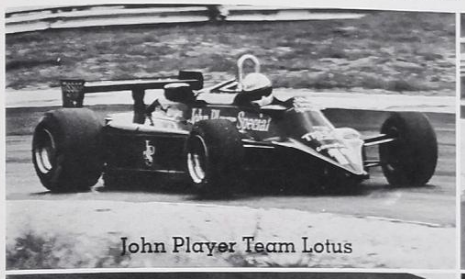
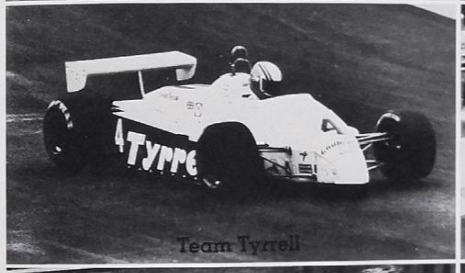
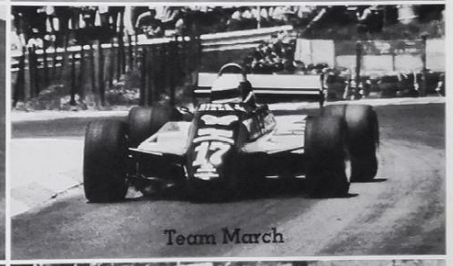

John Player Team Lotus

Team Brabham


Team Tyrrell


Team March

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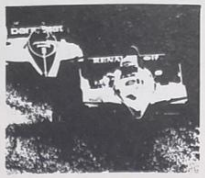

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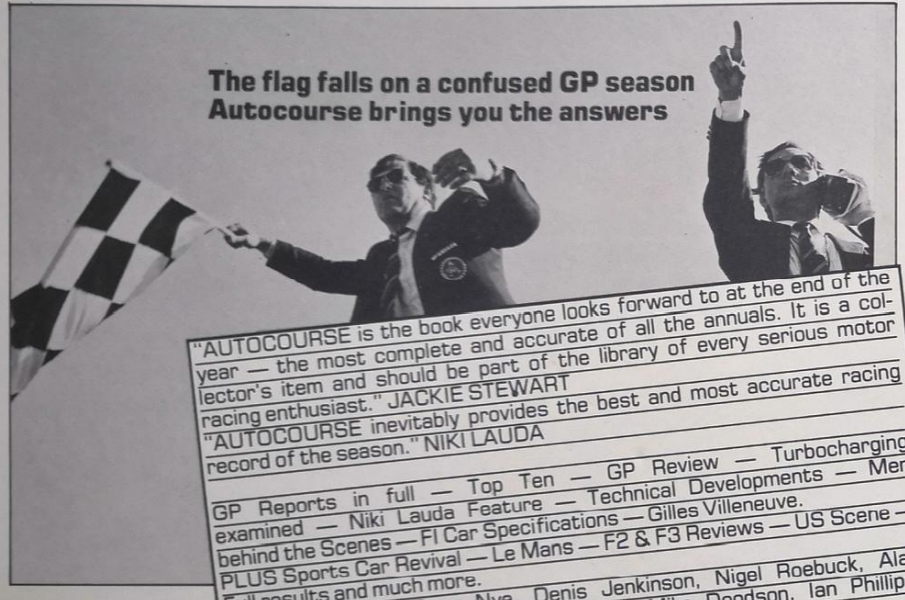

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